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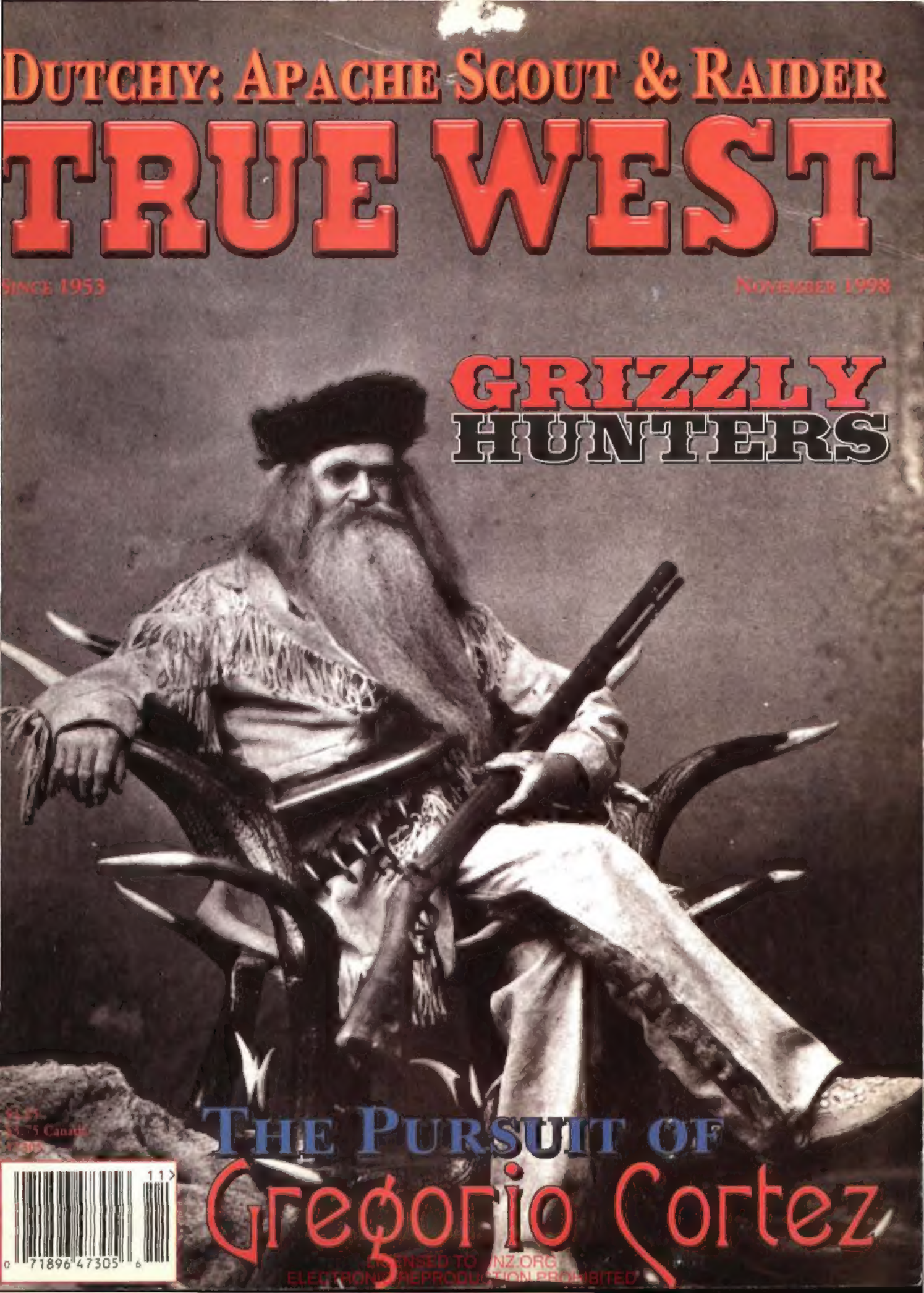

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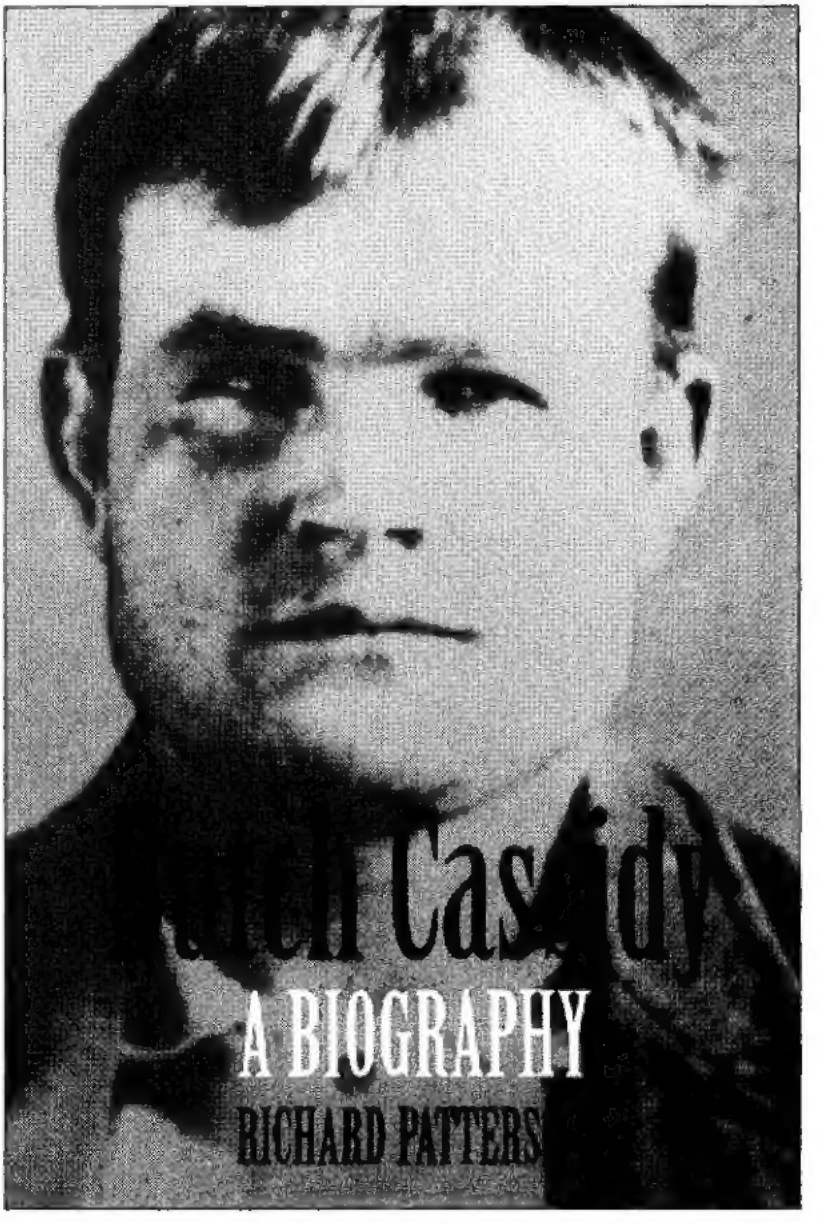

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Seth Kinman: Grizzly Hunter
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FROM THE EDITOR

Howdy, ya'll!

Well, history is in the news again. Every now and then, a moment in history is popularized, most recently the topic has been World War II. Now, I know I shouldn't deviate from talk of Western History, but stay with me on this one. It concerns our history as a whole, and what we can do to preserve it.

Like many, I shelled-out the standard ticket price to see the new movie, *Saving Private Ryan*, this weekend. The frame of mind I was in may have been different than my fellow viewers; my great-uncle (my grandfather's brother), a career Navy man and veteran of WWII, died last week. While helping my mother clean out his home and organize his belongings, I came across a box of photos. Amid the photos of family and countless get-togethers and holidays, were a few yellowed, scratched pictures of my grandpa and his brother during what was without a doubt the defining moment of their generation, pictures of two young men, actually mere boys, in places like Africa, Italy, and the far Pacific.

My grandpa never talks much about the War, although the mementos were passed out long ago. While still too young to understand the conflict or the price so many paid, I was given one of his two Purple Hearts and his "Eisenhower" jacket. I wore that jacket to school, thinking it was "cool," with his sergeant's stripes and First Armored Division patches on the arm. Now it holds a very special place in my closet; someday, when he is old enough to realize that it is more than just another coat, my son will get it. A few years ago, when my own short, but eventful, stint with the military had ended, I went fishing with Grandpa. Sitting on the banks of a high-mountain lake, waiting for the trout to bite, he finally told me a few tales from the War: how miserably cold and scary it was in Italy, how horrifying it was to lose an entire tank crew in the blink of an eye, the sounds of gunfire, and the perplexity of being wounded and not realizing it until hours later. Even after being wounded twice he refused to go home; his widowed mother back in Oklahoma depended on his meager Army pay.

The stories my grandfather and his generation have to share are important and deserve to be preserved. In this business of history, I know the frustration that surfaces when a researcher reaches a point the information ceases to exist. Large chunks end up missing from the lives of historical figures; sometimes just pinning down where they were born becomes a fruitless chore.

World War II historian and chronicler Stephen Ambrose recently expressed that we owe these veterans a debt that we can never repay. He is correct in every sense but one. We can repay them, by recording, writing, or simply listening to what they have to say. We have the unique ability, right now, to make sure that this chunk of history never falls through the cracks of time.

The editor's grandfather, Roy Boltres, and his tank, *The Daisy Mae*, on the eve of crossing Florence Pass, Italy, 1943.

Marcus Huff

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THE KID SAGA CONTINUES

After reading W.C. Jameson's rebuttal of Leon Metz's review concerning *The Return of the Outlaw Billy the Kid*, I decided that I needed to read the book and see for myself the merits of the work in question. Now let me add that I am a friend of Jameson and his co-author Fred Bean and of Metz and admire them for their writings. Metz is one of the best Western historians working today, and Fred Bean's novels have provided me good reading for years. No Western Writers of America convention would be complete without W.C. Jameson's music and wry humor. I hate to see three giants in the Western field at odds-end over a review.

I think Metz was very kind in his initial review of the book (*True West*, April 1998). The book does not, as Jameson maintains, provide "...critical evaluation of much of the traditional Billy the Kid history...." Rather, what the authors have done is to simply lump together a vast assortment of snippets taken from a variety of sources without adequate notation or citation by which a reader could verify conclusions drawn. The purpose of research is not only to provide information but to interpret that information as well for the reader. Or, at least, to offer a plausible interpretation. That is missing from this work.

There is no thesis to speak of and I do not find nuggets of history (some highly questionable) tossed together in a salad disarray useful in forming a unified narrative. Jameson purports in his letter (*True West*, September 1998) that the authors did not wish to establish that Billy the Kid and Brushy Bill Roberts were one and the same. If that is the case, then the title itself is highly erroneous and misleading as the title alone suggests that this is, indeed, an attempt to establish Robert's identity as Billy the Kid. In fact, the juxtaposition of certain information in the work suggests this as a general thesis.

Jameson also takes Metz to task for doubting that "over 800 books on Billy the Kid" exist and were consulted by the authors. This is not supported by the author's bibliography which cites only seventy-eight books. Where, one might ask, are the other 722? If one consulted "over 800 books" which the authors allege, then the basics of scholastic research demand that those books

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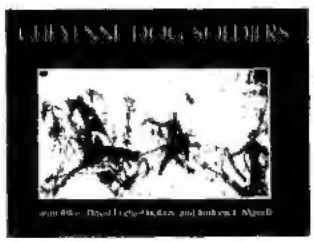

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be listed in a general bibliography. If this work was indeed intended to provide "critical evaluation" then I'm afraid that it is a shoddy piece of scholarship at best.

This is an unfortunate happening. The work does show interesting nuggets of information that may be of value for the general reader, but to suggest the work as something other than a scrapbook of information is to misrepresent the work entirely. Metz was quite correct with his evaluation of the work. The reviewer holds a responsibility to truly represent his opinion, supported by facts taken from the text, to his audience, the reader. I believe Metz has done this and that the review he offered to the public was a fair evaluation of the *The Return of the Outlaw Billy the Kid.*

I might, however, also take *True West* to task for printing negative reviews of works, given the shortage of space available for book reviewing. The limited space available should have been used for informing the public about those books that are favorably received and negative reviews passed on quietly to the author for the author's own edification rather than publicly embarrassing the author with a negative recap of his shortcomings. An author, however, takes his chances with his work once it "goes public" and unless the review was obviously prejudicial, should quietly take the criticism and use it constructively in his next work.

I do hope, however, that this does not destroy the friendship between these three men. What each has to offer in the future is immeasurable and it is best that this unfortunate happening is put behind all concerned.—*Dr. Randy Lee Eickhoff, via the Internet.*

Editor's Note: The book review section of *True West* is the only part of the publication, aside from the illustrations, that is directly assigned by the editorial department. Reviewers are chosen for their expertise, or their own research, in regard to the work under scrutiny. Reviewers' opinions are their own; all reviews

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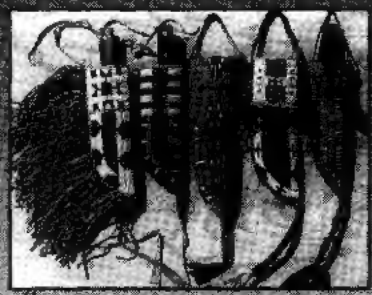

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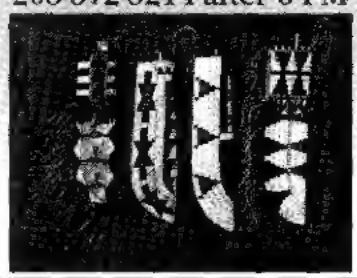

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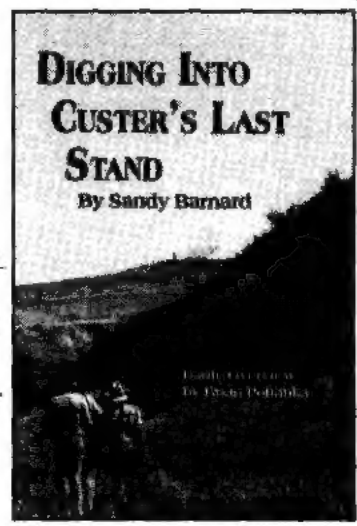

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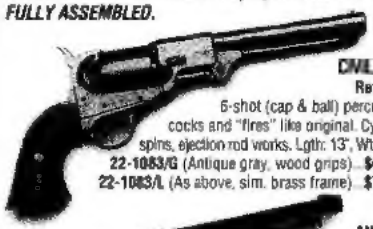

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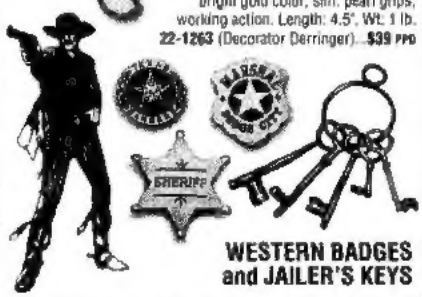

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Ready to Debate

I gladly accept the invitation by authors W.C. Jameson and Frederic Bean to discuss the findings in their book, *The Return of the Outlaw Billy the Kid*, as stated in the September 1998 issue of *True West*. The authors' response to Leon Metz's book review will be addressed first and a brief analysis of the book will follow.

The authors state the book is "causing the historical community to re-examine the traditional views regarding the death of Billy the Kid and has received rave national reviews and is being embraced by serious Lincoln County War scholars and researchers." This sounds impressive, but I know of no serious scholar that has embraced their book as historically sound nor have I found a historian calling in to question the death of Billy the Kid at the hands of Pat Garrett. If Jameson and Bean can name *one* noted authority on The Kid or the Lincoln County War who concurs with their findings, I ask them to provide it to the readers. In the advertisements for the book, no national review is included, nor is any other review found. I again ask the authors to provide the readers with one review that has appeared in a nationally recognized publication that casts their book in a positive light.

The book itself falls short in the authors' attempt to connect Roberts to Billy the Kid in two ways. First, Jameson and Bean relate a mere nine pages to the life and death of Billy and expect the reader to use this as a point of reference in comparing Brushy Bill and The Kid. This is simply not enough material to enable one to reach a decision on the case, which seriously hampers the intended goal of the book. Second, no new documentation is provided by the authors to supplement their work, only a rehash of information presented by C.L. Sonnichsen and W.W. Morrison in their book, *Alias Billy the Kid*. Jameson and Bean cite a 1990 photographic facial comparison between Billy and Roberts as a "very close match," a study that was not conclusive and cannot by any stretch of the imagination be considered new documentation.

Unfortunately, after reading Jameson and Bean's work I found myself questioning not whether Brushy Billy was The Kid, but why the book was written in the first place.—*Chris Roberts, Brooklyn, New York.*

Cheap Shots

I was surprised at the personal cheap shots levied against book reviewer Leon Metz by authors W.C. Jameson and Frederic Bean. Metz is a highly respected, careful, and reasonable Western historian.

Pirates, Western outlaws, and even modern crooks, and sometimes lawmen connive to obscure their activities for obvious reasons. Therefore, it is not unusual for historians to differ honestly about characters and crimes. I know Leon Metz is capable of reasoning with, and perhaps even learning, from other historians in a civil discussion.

Jameson and Bean spout about "truth and honest and fair play" in the opening paragraph of their letter, and then debase themselves by violating these principles. I am not in the slightest inspired to read their book. I should think reputable publishers would avoid these authors.—*Cloyde I. Brown, Fort Worth, Texas.*

A Letter from Mom

Howdy, folks! I'm sorry for the delay in thanking you for the 45th Anniversary Issue (July 1998) in which you gave Joe Small a beautiful tribute.

When I first noticed that it was the 45th anniversary, I was prepared for a nice editorial tribute, but was surprised and happy to see what else followed. I have read it over and over many times. Our sons and grandchildren are proud of it too. It was great to see Joe again laughing with Fred and Mr. Frank [Dobie]. Those three men really loved each other.

Joe Small would be might proud

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to see how you have continued publishing his true western magazines of such quality for these many years. Joe would have marveled at the way your small staff has continued to carry on the work that he enjoyed so much.

I love all of you!—*Elizabeth Small, Austin, Texas.*

Not So Crazy Henry

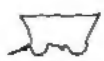
The October issue of *True West* is a classic! I especially enjoyed the story about the "flying airship" in California.

When I worked for a small newspaper in the 1950s, I came across a story about Henry Gatling, Richard Gatling's brother, who invented a flying machine in the 1870s. F. Roy Johnson and I talked to an old, old, black gentleman who remembered Henry and his machine. We interviewed many people in those days and it was a lot of hard work.

On a windy afternoon, Henry hooked the contraption on the twelve-foot high shed of the cotton gin behind the old Gatling homeplace. The wind pealed him off the roof. He "sailed" about sixy feet and clipped an elm tree and hooked his left arm.

Henry never tried to fly again. A few years later he was killed by a shotgun shot from hands of a mental subject. He was shot in the head. His grave and family members' graves are at the old homeplace which was located on what is now Interstate 258 between Meafreesboro and Carrio, North Carolina.

A grandpa of a hunting guide remembered Henry. When he first saw a plane fly overhead, he said, "You know, Old Henry wasn't so crazy after all."—*A.C. Hall, Wake Forest, North Carolina.*



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Day of the GRIZZLY

By William B. Secrest

Lew Wood lay very still. His shredded clothes scarcely hid a ripped and torn shoulder and mangled ankle. He wanted to scream in his fright and pain, but gritted his teeth and remained very still. A few feet away a giant grizzly bear sat on its haunches roaring with rage. Wood closed his eyes as tight as he could and hoped this was all a dream. When he smelled the beast's fetid breath, he knew it wasn't a dream, but a nightmare.

Late in the year 1849 Wood had found himself at a gold camp called Rich Bar on the Trinity River in northern California. Along with some forty other miners, Wood had waited too long. With few provisions and the onset of a bitter winter to contend with, the men banded together under the leadership of one Josiah Gregg to make their way back to civilization. Gregg, a government explorer seeking a northern bay, heard from local Indians that the ocean was only eight days away. He convinced the party that, once they reached the sea, they could easily follow the coastline south to San Francisco and the settlements. The group left Rich Bar in a pouring rain.

Living off the land as best they could, the men soon began quarreling and broke up into several groups. Wood and his friends, Tom Seabring, David Buck, and Isaac Willson, made up their own party and continued on towards the coast. When their food ran out they were able to kill some birds and other game, but they were weak from hunger when they came upon a group of eight grizzly bears. They determined to kill at least one of the animals for food. As they approached their quarry, Seabring sought the branches of a tree for a better view of the proceedings. Wood and Willson moved as close as they dared, then brought down two of the big bruins as the others loped off up a ravine. One of the beasts, however, stood its ground and bellowed menacingly.

As Willson sprinted for a tree, Wood began reloading his rifle but found he could not seat the ball. He looked up to see the bear now plunging toward him. As he scrambled up a tree, Wood saw one of the "dead" bears stagger to its feet and also dash towards him. Wood fought off the one bear with his clubbed rifle but the other bruin charged the tree and broke it down. Falling from his perch, Wood hit the ground running and plunged down a slope one step ahead of the two furious bears. As he dodged around a tree the nearest bear missed him and plunged on down the slope. Wood now made a desperate effort to climb the tree, but the second grizzly grabbed him by his right ankle and dragged him down again.

Author's Collection

Grizzly Adams and his pet grizzly, "Ben Franklin." From *The Adventures of James Capen Adams, Mountaineer and Grizzly Bear Hunter of California*, by Theodore H. Hittell, 1860.

"By this time," wrote Wood, "the wounded bear had returned and as I fell grabbed at my face. I, however, dodged and she caught me by the left shoulder...the two pulled against each other as if to drag me in pieces; but my clothes and their grip giving way occasionally saved me. In this way they continued until they had stripped me of my clothes except a part of my coat and shirt, dislocating my hip and inflicted many flesh wounds...."

Wood had the presence of mind to lay perfectly still and the two bears suddenly moved away. One wandered up the hill, but the other sat down nearby, still

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California Historical Society

A group of *vaqueros* is shown displaying the method for capturing grizzly bears in this early painting by James Walker.

snarling and bellowing. In great pain and discomfort, Wood attempted to move and the grizzly again charged. Once more he froze and the bear plunged up and nudged him with her nose while snarling and bellowing in a hideous manner. In a few minutes the bruin again wandered off. Discovered by his companions a short time later, Wood was found to be fearfully wounded. His companions managed to get him to a farm house where he recovered enough to be taken to San Francisco.

The great California grizzlies once roamed the foothills and plains in large numbers. They were the kings in their world, measuring up to ten feet long and often weighing over 1,000 pounds. Standing up on their hind legs they were taller than a horse. Even their name was magnificent: *Ursus Horribilus Californicus.* Grizzlies were so feared and honored as the largest of California's native creatures that Indians abstained from eating grizzly meat while calling their medicine men Bear Doctors

In the early nineteenth century, bears were a great nuisance to the stock of the Spanish and Mexican settlers in California. In the Monterey District alone, between 1801 and 1802, more than fifty grizzlies were killed, including one which had killed and eaten five mules and seven cows. Mules and donkeys were a particularly popular item on the grizzly menu and at night they were always brought into the presidio for safety. In 1805 some 400 head of livestock were killed, even though about thirty mares were slaughtered and their poisoned carcasses left for the bears to eat.

But if the grizzlies were a pest to the Mexican ranchers, they were also a great source of amusement. Grizzlies loved to feast on the carcass of beached whales in the early days, and the *vaqueros* delighted in practicing their roping skills on the great beasts. They would select a bear and begin circling him on horseback. Carefully keeping out of the way of the vicious claws, the riders would lasso a foot and while the bear was preoccupied with either chewing the rope or chasing the rider, another *vaquero* would throw a loop over Mr. Bear's head. Now there was a frantic contest for the bear to break loose, but the *vaqueros* skillfully maneuvered their mounts to keep the ropes taut. A loop over one of the bear's other feet and the game was over.

When the *vaqueros* tired of the sport, the bear would be turned loose. If there was an approaching holiday or festive occasion, such as the Feast of Saint John, the captured bear would be returned to the presidio or village where he would be pitted against a bull in an arena. Capturing a bear on the beach or plain was much easier than in the forest or chaparral. Since roping was more difficult in trees and brush, it was also much more dangerous. Santa Barbara ranchero, and one time governor, Romualdo Pacheco had much experience with grizzlies in his youth. He once recalled trying to capture a bear when he and a group of fellow *vaqueros* had more than they could handle:

> I saw his tread above the bluff when we least expected him, and sang "Here he is, boys!" as I sent my lasso whistling for him. Then began one of the most remarkable fights I ever encountered. The bear was powerful, and so greasy that our lassos slipped off when he did not snap them with his powerful jaws. He charged on us and fought out of every entanglement for one hour and a half, until we, dripping with perspiration, our horses blown and lassos destroyed, were glad to retire and escape without loss of life.

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Pacheco recalled another incident when he and his *vaqueros* were not so lucky. They were trying to get a bear out of some chaparral where he could be more easily captured. One of the *vaqueros* rode into the heavy brush to try and flush the bruin into a clearing where the other riders were waiting. When the bear charged, the hapless *vaquero* whirled his animal and tried to flee, but his horse stumbled. The grizzly pounced on the sprawled rider, and he was bitten to death before his friends could interfere.

The bear and bull fights, so dear to the hearts of the native Californians, were held in a plaza or corral where the animals were chained together to a post. Where a more secure enclosure was available, the two beasts were chained together with a long chain and just allowed to go at it. Young Ygnacio Villegas witnessed many of these fights and in his memoirs recalled a typical contest at a rancho:

> A large and powerful grizzly bear had been caught the previous night and was tied by the fore and hind feet to the bed frame of a huge carreta, or cart. One of the bulls was then brought out and thrown down near the carreta. A heavy reata was tied to the left shin of the bull and the other end to the grizzly's right hand paw. The tie ropes that had held both animals down were released with uncanny precision by the vaqueros and pulled out of the way so that both animals would have room for action...
>
> After a few preliminary paws of the dirt the bull became the aggressor and made a furious onslaught, but the bear crouched just as the bull reached him and forced the bull to leap over him. Again and again the bull rushed the bear, but each time the bear crouched and the bull had to jump. The bull finally stopped for a minute and then with great deliberation, with his head down as though he was going to pierce the grizzly, walked slowly toward the beast. The bull had been preparing to make a home thrust when suddenly, with incredible quickness, the bear jumped on the bull, fastening his teeth in the bull's nose and with its paws enveloped the bull. The bear's grip and weight were too much for the bull and he began bellowing piteously ..

The fight was broken up at this point and another bull brought in. The new animal was much quicker and impaled and killed his opponent with his first charge.

Although many grizzlies were destroyed by the early California ranchers, hardly a dent was made in the vast bear population. Settler George Yount described the Napa Valley in 1831 as being alive with the great bears. "They were everywhere, upon the plains, in the valleys and on the mountains. I have often killed as many as five or six in one day and it was not unusual to see 50 or 60 in 24 hours." The great abundance of the animals is emphasized by the many landmarks scattered throughout the state: Bear creeks, Bear rivers, Bear valleys, and canyons; Grizzly Island and Big Bear Lake in Southern California.

But the mighty animals were doomed by the coming of the white man during the great Gold Rush of 1849. The grizzlies were hunted for their meat, oil, and skins and could be quite profitable. A Sacramento merchant wrote home in 1850 that "I should like to send you a...steak off a grizzly bear. It was the finest meal I have ever eaten, so tender and juicy. The bear was killed 60 miles above, on the river, and was as large as a cow...the meat sold readily for 75¢ per pound."

Society of California Pioneers

Romualdo Pacheco, California governor in 1875 and later a congressman, had many encounters with grizzly bears in his youth.

But hunters were soon killing grizzlies for more important reasons. The great beasts could not co-exist with the stock-raising newcomers flooding into the Golden State.

Although omnivorous by nature, subsisting mainly on berries, grasses, and acorns, the bears could not resist the cattle, sheep, and hogs which were now dominating their former ranges.

Hunters were soon wrecking havoc on the great beasts in their lairs. George Nidever claimed to have killed some 200 grizzlies during his nineteenth century lifetime, while in the Tehachapi Mountains three hunters killed 150 bears in less than a year. In 1847 three hunters killed forty-two grizzlies within three weeks.

But the grizzlies fought back. Although usually avoiding contact with people whenever possible, when hunted, startled or with cubs they frequently attacked with devastating results. The *Marysville Herald* reported several man-bear contests in late November of 1850. A man named Doty, while walking through the hills, was attacked and viciously mauled by a large grizzly. His scalp was torn from his head and several large gashes made in his skull. He had several other wounds in his chest and his hand was bitten through. Near Shaw's Flat, a young man was attacked and had his face horribly mangled. His skull was bitten through, exposing the brain, but a physician was able to save him. The *San Francisco Herald* in March of 1853 reported another desperate conflict:

A Mr. (Joel) Brooks, of Woodville, the county seat of Tulare County, relates the following particulars of a bear fight which occurred between Mr. L.J. Woods, his partner, and a Grizzly of the largest size. The two men...were on a trading expedition among the Indians. On the morning of the 23rd ult., while in the neighborhood of the Tejon Pass, they sashayed from their camp in quest of game, each taking an opposite direction. Soon after their separation, Mr. Woods came upon a she bear, which he attacked by shooting her in the head with a rifle. The only effect of the ball, however, was to enrage the animal, and he had barely time to load and fire again, when she overtook and gave him battle. In the conflict he shot off all the balls in his six shooter, but as he aimed at the head, they served him no purpose. The bear sprang upon him, biting and lacerating his face in an awful manner, and literally chewing up his right arm and hand....With his left hand he unsheathed his knife and succeeded in killing his adversary with it....

Woods made his way back to camp, but he was terribly injured and died after seven days of agony.

In November 1852, a man was out hunting on the road between Sacramento and the Carson Valley. When he saw a she bear with two cubs coming down a nearby ravine, he shot but only wounded the grizzly. The hunter was midway in re-loading when the bear spotted him and charged. He barely had time to scramble up a tree before the bear was upon him. He was kept in the tree for several hours before the bruin wandered off.

Seeking aid in tracking down the wounded beast at a nearby mining camp, the man rounded up some fourteen miners who set off into the chaparral. As the men scattered looking for their quarry, an unarmed man named Packard sought safety and a good view in a tree. He had no sooner adjusted his perch when he spotted the bear and shouted, "Here's the bear within a rod of me!" The grizzly immediately rushed him and leaped at the tree trunk, smashing it with her great bulk and bringing both Packard and the tree to the ground with her fury. In an instant the bear was on him, seizing him by the left side of his head and face and tearing his ear completely from his head. The grizzly seized him by the other side of his face now, ripping a gash in his upper lip and tearing the flesh from the right corner of his mouth to near the large artery in his neck. She then seized his right arm, laying bare the tendons and severely biting his hand as well. After some further mauling in which Mrs. Bruin ripped out some two pounds of flesh from Packard's thigh, he fainted and the bear finally wandered off.

Despite his terrible wounds, it was thought Packard would recover.

Major Pierson B. Reading, a prominent northern California rancher, had a particularly desperate grizzly encounter in November 1851. In riding about his ranch he had noticed a group of some fourteen grizzlies feeding some eight miles from his house. Gathering several friends and an Indian, the ranchman proceeded to where he had seen the bears and prepared to bring his cook some grizzly meat. Reading, and a man named Van Deuzen, finally spotted several bears and brought down one of them. As the wounded bruin was thrashing around in the chaparral, the hunters sought an improved position, then dropped the other bear. At this time several more grizzlies appeared, and they too were picked off.

Riding over to make sure the bears were all dead, Reading noticed the first grizzly he had shot was only wounded and was making his way up a nearby rock ledge. Circling his horse around, Reading met his bearship on the ridge in a dense chaparral thicket. Riding up for a close shot, the major drew a bead on the beast and shot him again, this time in the head. But the grizzly turned just as he fired and the ball glanced off his skull. Feeling certain of his shot, Reading reined around and headed out of the thicket not knowing the maddened bear was charging after him.

From a distance Van Deuzen yelled that the bear was chasing him, and Reading made a dash for the chaparral exit only to be beaten there by his attacker. Up on his hind legs, the huge creature felled the horse with a vicious swipe to the neck. Crashing to earth and pinning his rider beneath him, the horse was trying to struggle to his feet when the bear pounced on him, holding him down with his great weight. But the bear had lost a great deal of blood and was unable to maintain his position. As the horse now shook off his antagonist, Reading managed to scramble free, his frightened mount fleeing through the chaparral. To his relief, Reading saw the bear stagger off and collapse some distance away. The rancher's left leg was broken in two places and he was bleeding badly where a bone was sticking through the flesh. Van Deuzen helped his

Leslie's Illustrated Weekly

Illustration of a grizzly burying a man for a future meal. A story in the *San Francisco Bulletin* of November 18, 1872, reported a bear had dragged off a sleeping sheepherder. Although in great pain from his wounds, the man played dead and escaped after the bear had buried him and wandered away.

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friend back to his ranch, but this was Reading's third dangerous encounter with a grizzly and he was no longer anxious for a fourth

Three days after Reading's encounter, another hunter was attacked in the same area. He had been out stalking deer when a grizzly rushed upon him without any warning. "With one dash of a forepaw," noted an account in the *Sacramento Union*, "nearly the whole of the scalp,...half the forehead, the flesh of the right cheek, a portion of the lower jaw and about one-half the tongue were instantly torn from him. Another strike of the paw tore open the abdomen, so as to cause a protrusion of intestines, and in its downward movement almost denuded the right pelvic bone and the thigh of their immense muscular coatings. Still another dash of the paw was made upon the shoulder with the same terrible effect, and when the man was found he looked as if the continuity of every muscle and tendon upon his body had been torn asunder . ."

The man was still alive several days after the attack, but he wasn't expected to live.

Seth Kinman came to California during the Gold Rush He hunted for a living, and had many encounters with grizzlies while supplying meat to the garrison at Fort Humboldt. In 1864 he went to Washington and presented a handmade elkhorn chair to President Abraham Lincoln. He was a colorful character in northern California for many years.

Author's Collection

Seth Kinman, a Humboldt County trapper and hunter. He had run-ins with grizzlies and also bagged his share of elk, as evidenced by the chair in which he is sitting.

Jim Wilburn was a Texas schoolteacher who had also trekked west with the Gold Rush. Disappointed in mining, he began hunting for a living, supplying local miners with fresh meat in southern Humboldt and northern Mendocino counties. Jim had a withered and twisted left arm that supported a claw-like hand. There was a big knob on his wrist, the result of a broken bone, while two deep scars extended from his forehead to the back of his neck. Asked about his wounds, Jim would tell the story of a bear fight in 1857 when he was twenty-six years old.

Two Indians were helping young Jim skin several deer that day, and the smell of blood had attracted a large grizzly. The Indians ran when they saw the great beast seize one of the deer and lumber off into some dense thickets of brush. Jim shouted and beat the brush trying to scare the bear out of the thicket, but he refused to leave. One of the Indians went in search of his bearship's hiding place, but the grizzly saw him first and the Indian dashed from the thicket with the bear only a few steps behind. It all happened so fast Jim was startled, but he managed to jump between the Indian and bear. He was in the act of raising his rifle when the grizzly slapped it from his grasp. He next grabbed his Colt's Navy pistol but that too was knocked from his hand. The mighty beast was on him in a moment and the two went down in a writhing heap of pine needles, leaves, and twigs.

The grizzly was on top and had Jim's head in his mouth, but his teeth slipped on his skull, plowing the long furrows through his hair while his lower teeth lacerated his face. Before he could grab his head again, Jim jammed his left fist down the bear's throat. As his arm was being chewed, the hunter unsheathed his knife and plunged it into the animal's side. When he again attempted to repeat the action, the weapon wouldn't penetrate the bear's hide. Jim later learned that he had hit a rib and his knife blade had turned up.

As the bear thrashed about chewing his arm, Jim finally found the first hole he had made in the grizzly's hide and again thrust in his knife, turning it to cause as much damage as he could. Although his knife slipped out of the wound several times the hunter kept up his jabbing and twisting as the blood came in torrents and the bear gurgled and bellowed with pain and rage. Finally, the mighty bruin shook convulsively, then rolled over. He died with Jim's arm still in his mouth. Jim killed many more grizzlies after that, but he had had his belly full of personal encounters and from then on shot them from a respectable range.

One of the most prominent of the early hunters was James Capen Adams. A native of Massachusetts, Adams arrived on the west coast in the fall of 1849 and began trapping and hunting about 1852. He had various encounters with grizzlies, almost losing his life in a desper-

ate melee in which he killed the bear with his knife.

But Adams saw something in the mighty bears that no one else could see. He had some experience in the East with wild animals, and determined to capture and tame some grizzly cubs. By killing the mother, cubs were easily obtained and Adams set out to train them. He succeeded beyond his wildest dreams. "Samson" grew to weigh some 1,500 pounds, and he, "Ben Franklin," and "Lady Washington" became affectionate pets of their master. Adams could use his bears for pack animals and even occasionally rode them. When he opened his *Mountaineer Museum* in San Francisco, his pet grizzlies were the feature attractions.

The big grizzly attraction, however, remained the bear and bull fights. This native Californian adaptation of the Mexican sport of bullfighting became more popular than ever during and after the Gold Rush. The sport raged in the mining camps as well as the larger cities and towns. Los Angeles, San Francisco, and San Jose all had their arenas where the powerful and magnificent grizzlies fought to the death, much like the gladiators of ancient Rome. But unlike those ancient warriors who often gained their freedom when they fought well, there was no chance of freedom for the grizzlies in the arena. They might win a succession of fights, but ultimately death was the only freedom they would ever know.

Bull and bear fights could be tedious and boring when one or both animals were frightened or wouldn't fight. Usually, however, they were brutal and savage, bringing out the worst in both the animals and spectators. The only guarantee was that the contest would be terribly cruel. The mining camp of Sonora, California, had an arena under a large tent and held fights every Sunday in the early 1850s.

In November 1851, a particularly lively contest took place before a packed house. A large grizzly weighing some 1,300 pounds was staked in the ring, and three bulls turned loose on him. Although he was turned over several times, the bear got the best of his adversaries and the bulls were let out of the enclosure.

Next a large, black bull was let in. He leaped into the middle of the ring, bellowing and throwing up dirt with his hooves. The moment he spotted the bear, he charged. The bear, obviously of some experience, curled up in a ball and the bull rushed over him missing his horned thrust. Recovering with lightning speed, the bruin grabbed the thigh of the bovine and ripped a ragged gash in his hide and flesh. Bellowing with pain and rage, the bull now spun about and caught the bear on his horns and threw him in the air where he performed "a somersault that... seemed sufficient to break every bone in his body" according to a witness. But again the grizzly recovered and bit another chunk from the bull's haunch. Winded and bleeding badly, the bull now stared at his opponent as he caught his breath. Then he charged again, but although he managed to gore the bear, he again received yet another painful bite.

After four more passes as the crowd cheered wildly, the bull paused to contemplate the terrible wounds he received each time. A witness described the pandemonium that now took place:

> ...collecting all his remaining strength, with one bound [the bull] topped the palisades and dropped like something more than a hot potato amongst a crowd of Mexicans. The terror was intense; such a scampering! Such an outcry! Several people were badly hurt and one was gored to death by the infuriated animal, who however, more anxious to escape himself than to show more fight, quickly cleared the crowd and fled up the mountains....

Inside the tent, when a man approached to throw a bucket of water on the sprawled and panting bear, the bruin leaped at him. Throwing the man down, the bear's tremendous jaws crushed the man's thigh. "We distinctly heard the snapping of the brute's teeth," wrote a spectator, "as they closed through the flesh and bone." At that moment a dozen revolvers were drawn and fired from the crowd and the bear collapsed and died.

Miraculously, the bear's victim wasn't hit with a pistol ball, but he was not given much chance to live in any case.

Nor was this an uncommon occurrence in the course of these bloody affairs.

Arriving in Stockton from Mariposa in November 1852, a traveler described to a local reporter a rousing bull and bear fight the previous Sunday:

> The crowd had assembled and were all seated around the ring in which the conflict took place, enjoying the sport, when, as is frequently the case, the chain slipped over bruin's hoof, leaving him to go where he pleased. The majority of the crowd commenced dispersing instantly, as might be supposed, but a few in different parts of the circle drew their revolvers and began shooting desperately at the bear, jeopardizing the lives of numbers who were immediately opposite. Luckily, but one man was injured, and he was only slightly wounded in the thigh, but the wonder was with numbers after the scene was over, that scores were not shot. The bear was killed instantly, his body being perfectly riddled by the leaden hail; but the circumstance was attended by such fortunate conclusions that hundreds will forget their peril in congratulations over their own safety.

These rowdy contests were to be expected in the frontier gold camps of the Sierras, but they were just as popular in the larger California cities. Los Angeles, San Francisco, Sacramento, and San Jose all had their Sunday afternoon bull and bear fights. Usually they were conducted on the outskirts of town, with an appropriate parade to drum up business. In October 1851, the *Sacramento Daily Union* noted that "Yesterday, just after our people had been dismissed from the vari-

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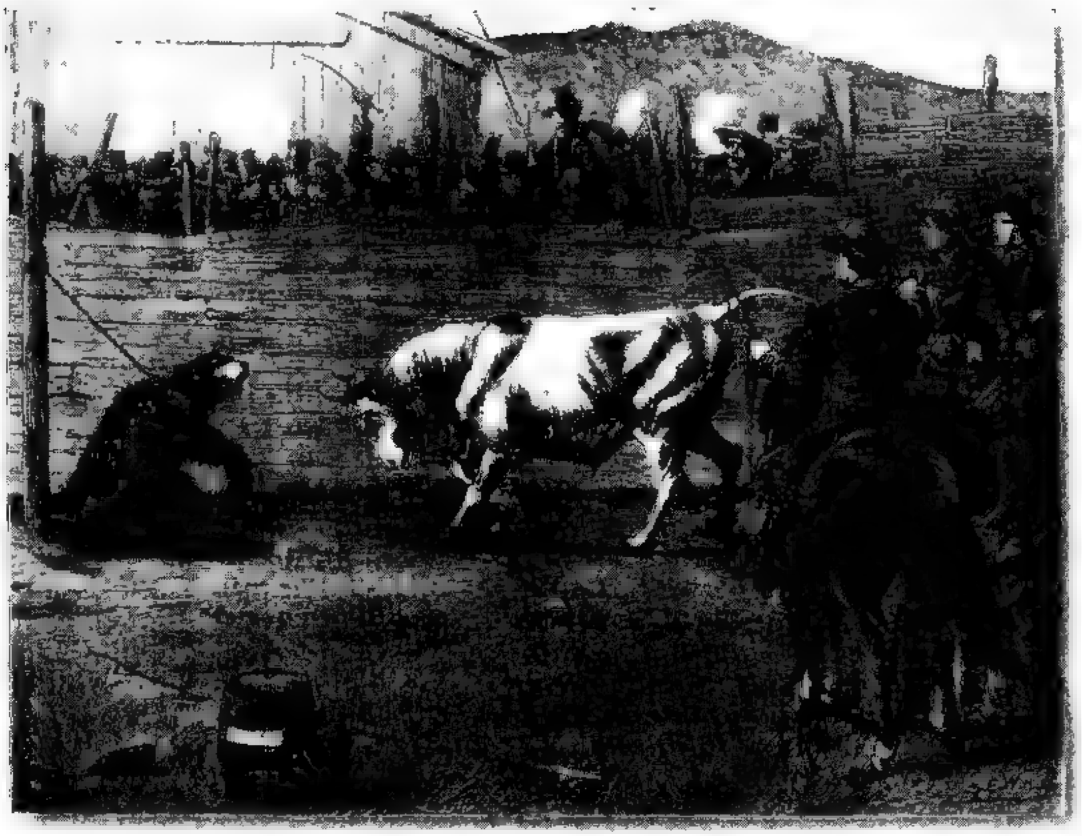

Author's Collection
A bear and bull fight as depicted in a popular national publication of the time, *The Graphic*, December 1875.

ous churches of the city, a bull-fighting procession took place, headed by an equestrian Mexican, whose voice was heard above the music of a couple of bands, urging the people to turn out to their wonted sports, upon the western bank of the Sacramento...."

The preliminaries continued even as the spectators arrived at the arena. A band might play, or sometimes just a pair of fiddlers or guitar players. Clowns might also be on display, as in the manner of the Mexican bullfights. Describing the colorful clothes of the hundreds of spectators, an observer wrote: "The scene was gay and brilliant, and was one which would have made a crowded opera-house appear gloomy and dull by comparison."

But if the preliminaries were festive, the main event was always cruel in the extreme. On the outskirts of San Francisco, the old Mission Dolores was for many years the center of bull and bear fights in the area. A brutal contest in early September 1859 began with the bear being rolled into the center of the arena in his stout, wooden cage. Skilled *vaqueros* then lassoed the bear's hind leg and, pulling it outside the bars, shackled it with a chain. "This process," wrote an observer, "appeared so painful to the bear that he writhed in agony, and, catching one of the iron bars of the cage in his mouth, wrenched it so violently as to break off several of his teeth."

As this was going on, a drunk wandered over and attempted to grab a rope in the cage. Whirling, the grizzly seized the man's hand in his mouth and held it for several moments until club-wielding *vaqueros* made him loose his hold. "The hand was found to have been terribly crushed; one of the fingers was bitten off...and several dreadful gashes covered it...." With the preliminaries over, the horns of a powerful bullock were sawed off and his foreleg attached to an eight foot chain, the end being shackled to the bear's hindleg. The center of the chain was linked to a twelve-foot chain attached to a swiveled post in the center of the arena. Ropes were withdrawn and the *vaqueros* withdrew as the bull charged the bear, lifting him into the air on his horns. The grizzly fell upon the neck of his tormentor and held on fiercely, but his broken teeth gave way and he was hurled to the ground. Again and again the bull charged, throwing the bear about in clouds of dust. Worn out and bleeding badly, the bear gave up fighting and just tried to avoid his antagonist. Finally, the torn and bloody animals could be goaded no more and they were separated. The *Daily Evening Bulletin* account concluded with:

> Our report of this cruel spectacle does not by any means include all the barbarity practiced upon the occasion, such as piercing balls with barbed spears, and fastening burning fire crackers to their backs. Enough, however, has been said to call the attention of legisla tors to the subject, and to urge them to prevent by law such demoralizing exhibitions in the state

There was no end to unforeseen consequences of these contests. As early as 1852, at this same old Mission Dolores, Michael O'Connor reported a horrifying incident in a letter to the San Francisco *Herald*:

> An article in your paper of this day details the attack of one of the bulls of the bull and bear fighting establishment of the Mission, upon one of our citizens and his wife, and I have no doubt that unless this nuisance be suppressed, similar outrages will be recorded weekly.
>
> Not alone are we who reside at the Mission subject to attacks from bulls brought thereby this company but occasionally we have a visit from the bears. About two months since, I was awakened in the middle of the night by the cries of my children, that a bear was breaking into my house; and going into my kitchen, I found a huge bear forcing open the door, a feat which he must certainly have accomplished in a few seconds had not my rifle been at hand; and as his entrance to the kitchen would have in a moment put him in the midst of my children, there is no doubt their lives would have been sacrificed to the "bull and bear fights of the Mission." Fortunately, I killed him at the first shot, and saved my family. But, as I see his fellow monsters drawn past my door every Sunday, and know that they generally remain there all Sunday night, after being worried by the bulls all the day, the rest of my family, as well as myself, are anything but peaceful until we see them taken back again to the city....

Of course no one paid any attention to such grumbling. When bear and bull fights palled on the viewers, the innovators quickly conjured up new attractions. In 1854, the citizens of Mariposa were treated to "A Grand Bear and Dog Fight" at nearby Hopperville. The first event would match a young grizzly named "Tom Thumb" against three fierce dogs. Next, a large bear named "Jenny Lind" would fight six dogs, while the final event would pit two bears against each other. The fights would be held at the corral of "Wild Yankee, or Bear Hunter," with admission being one dollar. Ladies and children were half price, and all dogs "free." The "Wild Yankee" was another name for Grizzly Adams who lived in the area at that time.

Mokelumne Hill, in Calaveras County, was also the scene of a multi-faceted bill in 1854. After a grand bull and bear fight, there would be a contest between a bear and a jackass, culminating with an encounter between a woman "and one of the wildest bulls that can be found on the Posada ranch. She is to fight the bull and kill him according to the admired principles of the 'bull-ring'—with a common matador knife, in open arena....If she succeeds, she will be a heroine. If she is killed in the encounter, the chances are ten to one the proprietors of the ring will be indicted for murder."

Bear and bull fights continued to be popular in California throughout the 1860s and 1870s, but the "sport" seemed to decline as the ranks of the grizzlies were decimated. The last grizzly was reported killed in Merced County as early as 1861 and in Colusa County the following year. Humboldt and Sonoma counties saw the grizzlies in their area exterminated by 1868.

Some grizzlies that had lost part of a foot to a trap seemed to become particularly wary and fierce. They were invariably named "Old Clubfoot" or "Reelfoot" and preyed on ranchers' livestock in retaliation, it seemed, for their wounds. The first such grizzly reportedly ran off some of John Frémont's stock in southern Oregon in 1846. Ten years later this same bear was reported to have been caught in a steel trap on the Klamath River. As the trappers and their dogs approached the snarling bruin, the grizzly suddenly wrenched free leaving some claws and part of his foot behind. From then on he raided ranches around Humboldt Bay, while local stockmen offered large rewards. When he was finally killed some years later, a reported quart of bullets was removed from his body.

There were many other "Clubfoots" scattered throughout California, but they were so seldom seen and so wide-ranging in their depredations that their identities often became confused. The *Red Bluff News* reported the following in June 1889:

> "Old Clubfoot," the famous grizzly bear of the Sierras, was killed by trapper Hendrix near the source of Battle Creek last Saturday. This ferocious beast wandered as a dread monarch in that section for the last twenty years....Hundreds of cattle, sheep, hogs and human beings have fallen victims to his appetite during that period and many parties organized for his destruction have returned thinned in ranks and "with hair turned white in a single night by the passing sight of the dreadful fright," which they vainly sought to destroy. The beast weighed, when dressed, 2,300 pounds....

In 1898, the Fresno *Morning Republican* chronicled the demise of yet another "Clubfoot," in the southern San Joaquin Valley. This was a female grizzly of some 1,100 pounds and nine feet in length. The teeth, in many places, were worn almost to the gums, showing the great age of the animal. There was a standing reward of $50 for the bear. The *Morning Republican* reported:

> "Old Clubfoot," a man-eating grizzly, was killed Monday by Messrs. Johnson, McKenzie, and Pool, and the huge carcass of the she bear is now on exhibition at the Labor Exchange store in Bakersfield. The monster was brought down at the southeastern extremity of Kern County....
>
> "Old Clubfoot" is said to have killed three men in her day, and made many depredators upon castle herds...

And so the great California grizzlies passed from the scene, shot, trapped, and poisoned into extinction. Fresno and Tulare counties saw the final remnants of these mighty beasts killed in the 1920s. The bones, skulls, and ragged skins are scattered in museums across the state, grim and silent reminders of a cruel slaughter of another time and place.

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Henry Brooks
The Peg-Legged Gunman

By Edward Herring

Kosse, Texas, began life as a railroad town on the Houston and Texas Central Railroad after the Civil War. As the temporary terminus of the railroad, Kosse enjoyed a period of tremendous growth and prosperity and the accompanying reputation that goes with wide-open boom towns. When the railroad pushed on through the Limestone County seat of Groesbeck, Kosse's character changed with the usual influx of honest settlers, and settled down to a more mundane existence.

One day in October 1885, two farmers loading a wagon in front of Conoly's general store watched three lean-looking young men leave Roark's saloon and mount their horses. The riders solemnly rode down the dusty main street, then turned east.

"Ain't that one of the Brooks boys?" asked the man standing in the back of the wagon.

"Yeah," replied the man standing on the ground. "And that's Will Sanders' boy, Tom."

"And Jim Wright. We'd best sleep with one eye on our stock tonight."

"I reckon so."

The three riders were headed for the home of Brooks' sister, Francis, and her husband, Sam Baker, about ten miles east of Kosse. Their cabin lay just across the line in Robertson County.

Willis Brooks had come to Texas from Alabama about 1874 after killing one of the eight men responsible for the murder of his father, Willis Brooks, Sr., during the late war. Willis joined his older brother, Mack, when he got to Texas. Mack Brooks had left Alabama two years prior to Willis for the same reason. Both men worked on the spread of their uncle, Thomas Jefferson Bates, and surrounding ranches, and became a top hands.

T.J. Bates ran one of the largest cattle ranches in Robertson County. His land holdings extended along Duck Creek, southwest of Kosse, in southeastern Limestone County. Along with a certain amount of wealth came influence and power that would prove useful to all the Brooks boys at one time or another.

Author's Collection

Henry "Peg-Leg" Brooks, circa 1883. The young Brooks would have been about twenty when this photo was taken.

On December 28, 1875, Willis Brooks married a Limestone County girl named Margaret Elizabeth Sanders. Maggie was the daughter of William Calloway Sanders, an early settler of Limestone County and a Confederate veteran. An inveterate horse trader, W.C. Sanders pulled up stakes in 1877 and moved his family to Erath County, Texas.

Willis Brooks developed a keen eye for horse flesh and a penchant for other people's brands. For several years Brooks roamed about the state of Texas, acquiring a reputation as a gunman and horse thief. He ranged up and down the Red River and worked for a time in Wise, Clay, and Jack counties. It was in the Wise County town of Decatur that Willis Brooks and his brother-in-law, Sam Baker, befriended a young lad cleaning up saloons who would later grow up to be the famous outlaw "Little Dick" West.

In 1884, Willis settled down near his father-in-law in Erath County, Texas, and later acquired some property about ten miles from Stephenville. In October of the following year, Sheriff Robert M. Love of Limestone County received word that Willis Brooks was back in his jurisdiction. Said to be accompanying Brooks were his brother-in-law, Thomas Sanders, and an associate named James Wright. All three men had outstanding warrants for horse

theft and all had relatives living in the area with whom they could seek refuge.

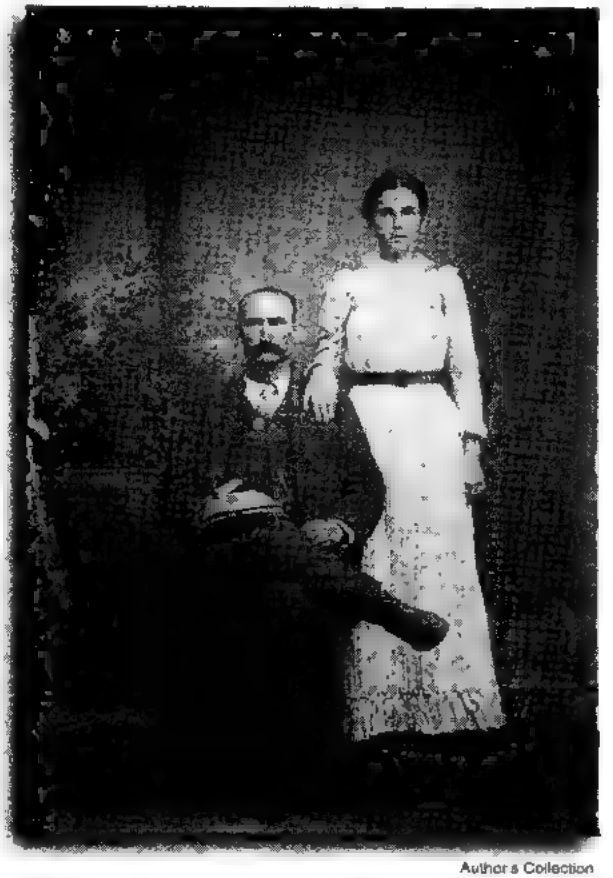
Sheriff Love learned the trio were holed up somewhere near Kosse, in the southeastern part of his county. He sent Deputy Sheriffs John Kimbell and Levi Drinkard and a posse man named Hudson on the trail of the suspected horse thieves. The officers picked up the trail of the suspects near Kosse. Three riders were seen heading east, toward Headsville. The officers trailed the trio to the Baker home. Whether or not they knew they had crossed into Robertson County, this was a serious blunder on the part of the officers. Warrants or not, the lawmen were clearly out of their jurisdiction.

The officers were probably unaware of the fact that the Mrs. Baker, to whose cabin they had trailed the suspects, was Willis Brooks' youngest sister, Francis. The cabin lay on property belonging to their uncle, T.J. Bates. The officers were also working under another misconception. The suspect named Brooks they were trailing was actually Willis Brooks' younger brother, Henry.

Henry Brooks, along with Francis and Sam Baker, had arrived in Texas the year before. Sam Baker had ridden with the Brooks boys after his marriage to their sister in 1879. Henry and Sam had been forced to flee Lawrence County, Alabama, with murder indictments hanging over their heads.

A simmering feud in Alabama between the Brooks family and a neighboring Negro-Creek Indian family named Hubbard had erupted into gunfire on April 12, 1884. Henry Brooks was seriously wounded and Henry's brother, Gamum, and a Lawrence County deputy sheriff named York Phillips were killed. Sam Baker had killed Phillips before the deputy could put a bullet into Henry Brooks' back. Although Baker had fired the fatal shot, a Lawrence County grand jury indicted both Henry and Sam for murder in the death of Phillips.

After the Hubbard gunfight, the wounded Henry Brooks, with Francis and Sam Baker, boarded a west-bound train at Cherokee, Alabama, and headed for Texas. Soon after their arrival there, Francis and Sam moved into a cabin on Tom Bates' spread in Robertson County. Henry Brooks spent time between the Bates ranch and that of his brother, Willis, in Erath County.



Author's Collection

Willis Brooks, Jr., and his wife Maggie, shortly after their wedding December 28, 1875.

Early Monday morning, October 26, posse men Drinkard, Kimbell, and Hudson surrounded the Baker cabin and demanded admission. The parties inside the cabin refused and instantly went for their guns. According to the officers, one suspect yelled out that they wanted to know who the officers were after and on what charge. Deputy Drinkard, who was now standing on the ground near the front of the cabin, pulled out a warrant. As he knelt down to read it, one of the men in the cabin eased the barrel of a shotgun through a crack in the wall and fired. Twelve buckshot hit Deputy Drinkard in the face. He fell to the ground, mortally wounded.

Deputy Kimbell and Hudson returned the outlaws' fire. Perhaps not knowing the size of the posse or fearing the arrival of reinforcements, the outlaws decided to make a break. The officers made it too hot for them to make it to their horses, so Henry Brooks and his partners were forced to leave their gear and escape on foot, followed by a hail of lead. As they were fleeing, two of Deputy Kimbell's shots found their mark. One bullet caught Henry Brooks in the thigh, while James Wright was wounded in the shoulder

Kimbell and Hudson followed a trail of blood for some distance. When this played out, they telegraphed the sheriff at Groesbeck for help. Sheriff Love raised a posse of fifteen men and rounded up a pack of bloodhounds. The hounds led the officers to where the fugitives had dressed their wounds and discarded a blood-soaked boot. By this time, however, the trail had grown cold and the outlaws had made good their escape. Deputy Kimbell took solace in the fact that he had seriously wounded at least one of the killers. The officers predicted the wounded outlaws would not get far.

The *Weekly Dallas Herald*, of October 29, 1885, contained the following dispatch about the slain officer, "Groesbeck, Oct. 27—[Special]—Levi Drinkard, the deputy sheriff who was killed near Kosse yesterday, was buried here this evening. His death is much regretted by all who knew him. He was a faithful officer and a quiet gentleman." Drinkard was buried at the old Fort Parker cemetery, north of Groesbeck.

The lawmen's prediction rang true. Henry Brooks eluded capture for four days but on Friday,

November 30, a posse found his hiding place just a few miles southwest of the place of the shooting. When found, the young man was in sad shape and surrendered without a fight. Without medical attention, infection had set in Brooks' badly wounded right leg and screw worms had infested the wound. Because the shooting had occurred in Robertson County, Sheriff T.B. Jones claimed jurisdiction and Henry Brooks was jailed at Franklin. Doctors S.E. Carrington and W.E. Baker, of Franklin, attended to Brooks' wound.

The *Dallas Herald* of October 31 carried a dispatch from Mexia, Limestone County, dated October 30, that read, "Intelligence comes from Franklin that Willis Brooks, one of the men who killed Deputy Sheriff Drinkard, and who was wounded in the leg by Deputy Kimbell, has been caught and placed in jail."

The newspapers and authorities were still operating under the assumption that the wounded outlaw that had been captured was Willis Brooks. Of course, the man in jail was actually Willis' brother, Henry. Willis Brooks was most likely not even in the county at the time of the shooting. He was standing trial at Stephenville, in Erath County, on November 7, answering to a charge of aggravated assault.

It is not known how or when James Wright was captured, but he and Henry Brooks were both arraigned in district court three months after the killing. The third outlaw, Thomas Sanders, made good his escape. Sanders never stood trial for any crime and eventually left the area with a herd of cattle, destined for one of the Kansas cow towns. His family occasionally heard from him in Utah and Colorado.

By the time Henry Brooks' identity problem had been cleared, the condition of his leg had worsened. Doctors Carrington and Baker could not halt the gangrene spreading through the leg. They convinced Henry that if he wanted to live, the leg had to come off. They called on Dr. D.C. Jones of Calvert to assist with the operation. On Wednesday, November 11, the team of doctors removed Henry Brooks' right leg just above the knee. At the age of twenty-three, Henry Brooks received the moniker that would follow him throughout Texas and Oklahoma: "Peg-Leg" Brooks

Henry Brooks and James Wright were arraigned in district court at Franklin, on February 1, 1886, and charged with the murder of Deputy Levi Drinkard. Bail was set at three thousand dollars each. Neither defendant could raise bail money and the case was continued until July 5.

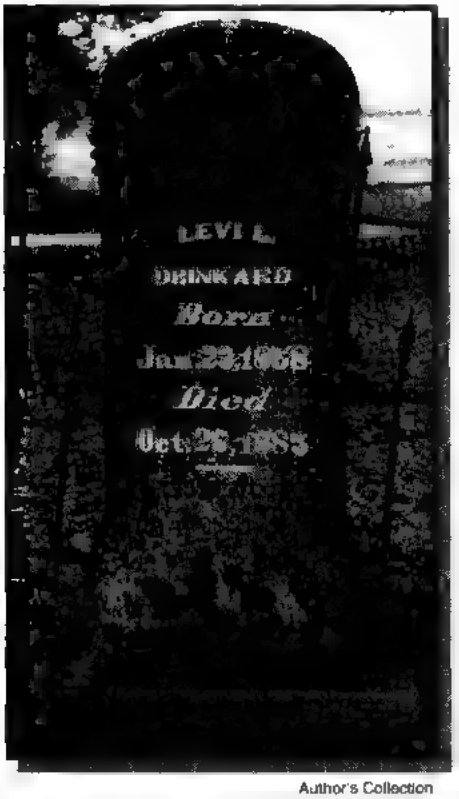
On July 5, 1886, the case was again delayed until July 8. On that day, two second cousins of Henry Brooks, James M. Brown and George T. Brown, signed as sureties for his bond. James M. Sapp and Henry's uncle, Tom Bates, signed the bond of James Wright. Brooks and Wright were again free men, at least temporarily. While awaiting trial, Henry Brooks stayed at the Willis ranch in Erath County and tried to adapt to a life with one leg.

After numerous continuances, the case against Brooks and Wright finally went to court on July 13, 1887. The trial concluded that afternoon. Despite overwhelming evidence to their guilt, Henry Brooks and James Wright were found "not guilty." The case files of acquittals were not retained. We can surmise that the question of jurisdiction was raised by the defense and the jury found that the defendants were justified in resisting arrest. Henry may have also benefited from the influence of his uncle, Tom Bates.

"Peg-Leg" Brooks hit the dusty streets of Franklin a free man. He had also earned a reputation like that of his brother, Willis. Henry's close encounter with the hangman's noose did not deter him from his chosen profession. He continued to roam about the state of Texas with Willis and accumulated warrants for horse theft in several counties. It was rumored that Henry once had a hand in a bank or train robbery, but nothing has surfaced to confirm this. It is more likely that Peg-Leg confined his activities to the less conspicuous trade of a rustler.

After several brushes with Texas law, Willis Brooks decided the grass looked a lot greener on the other side of the Red River. He sold his ranch in Erath County in 1890 and moved near Grady, in the Chickasaw Nation of Indian Territory. About 1894, Willis moved again, this time to the Dogtown Settlement, west of Eufaula, in the Creek Nation. A few years earlier, Willis and Henry's older brother, Mack, had disappeared on a cattle drive destined for Kansas and was never heard from again.

Sometime in 1891, Henry Brooks made the mistake of returning to Robertson County, where Sheriff H.P. Kellog held three outstanding warrants for theft of a horse against him. In district court, on June 22, Henry plea-bargained by pleading guilty to one charge of horse theft in exchange for dismissal of the other two. The judge sentenced Brooks to five years at the state peni-



Author's Collection

The grave of Deputy Sheriff Levi Drinkard, killed by Henry Brooks in 1885. Old Fort Parker cemetery, Groesbeck, Texas

tentiary at Rusk.

While waiting to be transferred to prison, Peg-Leg's luck went from bad to worse.

Sheriff T.L. Garrison of Montague County extradited Brooks on another old warrant for horse theft. Brooks was found guilty and sentenced to five years in the state prison. Henry arrived at the state penitentiary in Rusk on August 23, 1891.

At Rusk, Peg-Leg's bad luck continued to dog him. Henry Brooks had lived for a time at Benvenue, in Clay County, Texas, under the alias of John Sanders. Sheriff G.C. Wright thought the description of the one-legged "John Sanders" on his warrant for horse theft sounded a lot like that of the peg-legged Brooks recently committed to prison. Sheriff Wright's suspicions proved correct and Henry was once again extradited to stand trial for horse theft, this time to Henrietta in Clay County. The outcome was as predictable as the other two trials, and on March 24, 1892, Brooks was again sentenced to five years. Henry was sent back to Rusk on May 11, 1892. The three five-year sentences were to run concurrent.

Henry Brooks' stay at Rusk was a short one. On July 11, 1892, he was transferred to the state penitentiary at Huntsville. He served out his sentence there and was released on July 24, 1896. Immediately after his release, Henry joined Willis, who was then living in the Dogtown Settlement of the Creek Nation in Indian Territory.

Henry's prison stay seemed to have had a rehabilitative affect on him and he set about trying to make an honest living. With two wagons and teams of horses, Henry Brooks and a hired hand named William T. Monkers were cutting timber and hauling lumber for a sawmill at Clayton, Indian Territory, when the Brooks bad luck caught up with him again. Henry had traded two of his horses for a fresh team belonging to a man named Dickey. Unknown to Henry, Dickey had stolen the team from a J.R. Melton in the Choctaw Nation. On or about July 10, 1897, Deputy United States Marshal B.J. Spring found Brooks and Monkers in the possession of Melton's horses and arrested the pair for horse theft.

At South McAlester, on May 10, 1898, Henry Brooks and William T. Monkers were tried, convicted, and sentenced to ten years in the federal penitentiary at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas. Monkers' sentence was later reduced to three years. Henry's family hired the services of the prominent Muskogee law firm of Cravens, Rutherford & English to handle his appeal. After locating witnesses to the trade with Dickey, the attorneys were able to present ample evidence so that receiving stolen property was the most Henry Brooks could have been properly charged with. President Theodore Roosevelt signed Henry's pardon, and on July 11, 1902, Peg-Leg Brooks walked out of Warden R.W. McClaughry's prison a free man.

Henry Brooks quickly rejoined his brother, Willis, in the Creek Nation. Willis had been feuding with an outlaw and killer in the area by the name of Jim McFarland, and a rancher near town named Riddle. Willis' son, Thomas, had been bushwhacked at a crossing of the Canadian River on August 24, 1896 Willis Brooks was certain Jim McFarland and his gang were responsible for the murder of his son, but could prove nothing. Riddle's only apparent transgression against Willis Brooks was that he was fencing in his land leases and had somehow gotten on Brooks' bad side. Due to Willis' efforts to run him out of the area, George Riddle and his son, Alonzo, had thrown in with Jim McFarland out of necessity.

The Fort Smith and Western Railroad was slowly building through the Creek Nation on its way to Guthrie, the future capital of the soon-to-be state of Oklahoma. The boom town of Spokogee had sprung up in the middle of the Dogtown Settlement, smack dab in the midst of the warring Brooks and McFarland factions. The long-simmering feud had kept the Dogtown Settlement on edge since the death of young Tom Brooks. Both factions had vowed to kill each other on sight.

About once a week, the Brooks would ride into town and everyone would close up shop and head for cover, for fear the McFarlands would ride in and a gun battle would take place. The next day, the McFarlands would ride in and the scene would repeat itself. Henry Brooks arrived in Spokogee just as the powder keg was about to explode. On September 22, 1902, it did just that.

That Monday morning, Willis Brooks, with his two sons, John and Cliffton, rode into town to get the mail. Willis' son, Marion, and brother, Peg-leg Brooks, had stayed behind to gather some livestock that had been scattered by a thunderstorm the night before. Waiting in town when the Brooks arrived were the McFarlands and Riddles. The long anticipated showdown came off in a hail of gunfire. When the smoke had cleared, Willis and Cliff Brooks were dead, George Riddle was mortally wounded, and John Brooks lay near death.

Deputy U.S. Marshal S.M Rutherford arrested Jim McFarland and George Riddle's son, Lon. Rutherford turned the prisoners over to Deputy U.S. Marshal Grant Johnson, who delivered them to the lockup at Eufaula. They were quickly arraigned in the court of the U.S. commissioner. Because no one came forth to testify against the defendants, all charges were dismissed. Willis Brooks' family and associates were incensed and thirsting for revenge.

Willis Brooks was certain Jim McFarland and his gang were responsible for the murder of his son...

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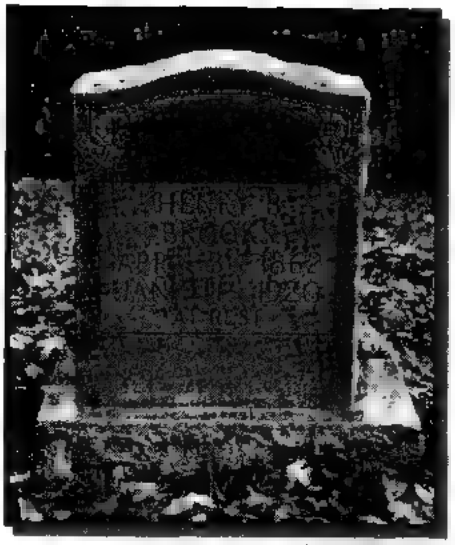

Author's Collection

The grave of Henry Brooks, killed by a posse in 1920, lies in Poplar Springs Cemetery, Bankhead National Forest, Lawrence County, Alabama.

Jim McFarland would not escape retribution, however. Three weeks after the gunfight at Spokogee, on October 13, McFarland was shot from ambush while returning home from Weleetka with his wife, Sarah. A shot rang out, hitting him in the back. He managed to jump from the wagon he was driving and fire one shot in the direction of his assailant before falling over dead. Henry "Peg-Leg" Brooks was a prime suspect, but no charges were ever filed. Most people felt that McFarland's demise was long overdue, and the issue was never pressed.

Henry Brooks' fondness for other people's livestock caught up with him again in 1904. Henry and an associate named Maurland Bridges were arrested in Caddo County, Oklahoma Territory, for larceny of domestic animals. Bridges pleaded guilty in return for a promise of leniency. He was sentenced to one and a half years in prison and court costs.

Henry Brooks continued to protest his innocence, however, and decided to take his chances with a jury trial. While awaiting trial, a frequent visitor of Henry's, a nephew named Riley J. Simmons, brought him a can of syrup, which the guards allowed in. Hidden inside the syrup was a bottle of acid, strong enough to eat through the steel bars of the jail. Henry kept the bottle hidden in the hollow of his wooden leg when not secretly at work on the bars. Unfortunately for Henry, his efforts were discovered before he could complete his work, and Riley Simmons was arrested and convicted of attempting to aid prisoners to escape. For his efforts, Simmons was sentenced to one year hard labor in the territorial prison.

Henry Brooks' case came to trial on May 15, 1905. He soon wished he had worked out a plea like his partner, Maurland Bridges, because he was unable to convince the jury of his innocence. On May 20, 1905, he was sentenced to ten years' hard labor in the territorial prison at Lansing, Kansas.

By January 1909, all Oklahoma prisoners had been transferred to a new state prison in McAlester, Oklahoma. Henry Brooks received an early parole and was released on January 10, 1911. He returned to Alabama to care for his aging mother. Brooks took a young bride and started a family. Unable to scratch a living from the rocky mountain soil, made even more difficult by having only one leg, Henry also took up the age-old mountain tradition of "makin' licker."

Brooks was arrested several times and served time for plying the ancient trade, but it was said he never sold to minors or drunkards. During World War I, Henry was a real patriot. He was said to own $500 in Liberty Bonds and donated regularly to the Red Cross. Henry also leaned hard on slackers and deserters who chose to hide out near his mountain home and often assisted officers in their capture.

Even at age fifty-seven, and with a peg-leg, Henry Brooks was still not a man to be trifled with. Henry never went anywhere without his Winchester. Everyone who knew him respected his deadly prowess with a rifle. Old-time residents of the Landersville, Alabama, community recall the times Henry would ride down the road on his horse at a gallop, shooting the insulators off the telephone poles. In late 1919, Henry shot and deliberately wounded two men for some undetermined reason. He had recently been assisting Lawrence County deputies in several "wildcat" raids in the forest, perhaps to get rid of some of the competition in his liquor line.

On January 11, 1920, Henry "Peg-Leg" Brooks' luck finally ran out. He lived less than a mile from the Winston County line. Sheriff John Robinson grew tired of Henry selling liquor in his jurisdiction, then skipping back to Lawrence County. Out of respect for his marksmanship, the sheriff recruited a posse that numbered fourteen men. Early Sunday morning, January 11, Sheriff Robinson and his posse surrounded Henry at his still, about a quarter mile from his home.

Henry's horse was trained to nicker at the approach of strangers. Brooks was in the process of firing up his still when his horse alerted him to the impending danger. When he went for his trusty Winchester, the posse opened up on him. Six empty shells attested to his determination but the posse cut him down and killed his horse in the process.

Though shot at least twelve times, Henry managed to live for fifteen minutes. His wife, Jesse, loaded his body into a wagon and carried it to the county seat of Moulton. She tried to enlist the help of the civil authorities in punishing his killers but found no sympathy. Jesse filed a civil suit against Sheriff Robinson. A Lawrence County deputy was bribed to testify that he was present during the raid on Henry's still, vouching for the legality of it. Sheriff Robinson's only penance was a small fine for shooting Henry's horse.

Henry "Peg-Leg" Brooks was truly a product of his times and a unique character in the history of the Old West. Less than a month after Henry's death, a reporter for the *Birmingham News* interviewed his ninety-four-year-old mother, "Aunt Jenny" Brooks. In an article appearing February 2, Aunt Jenny proudly stated that all her sons, "died with their boots on, like men."

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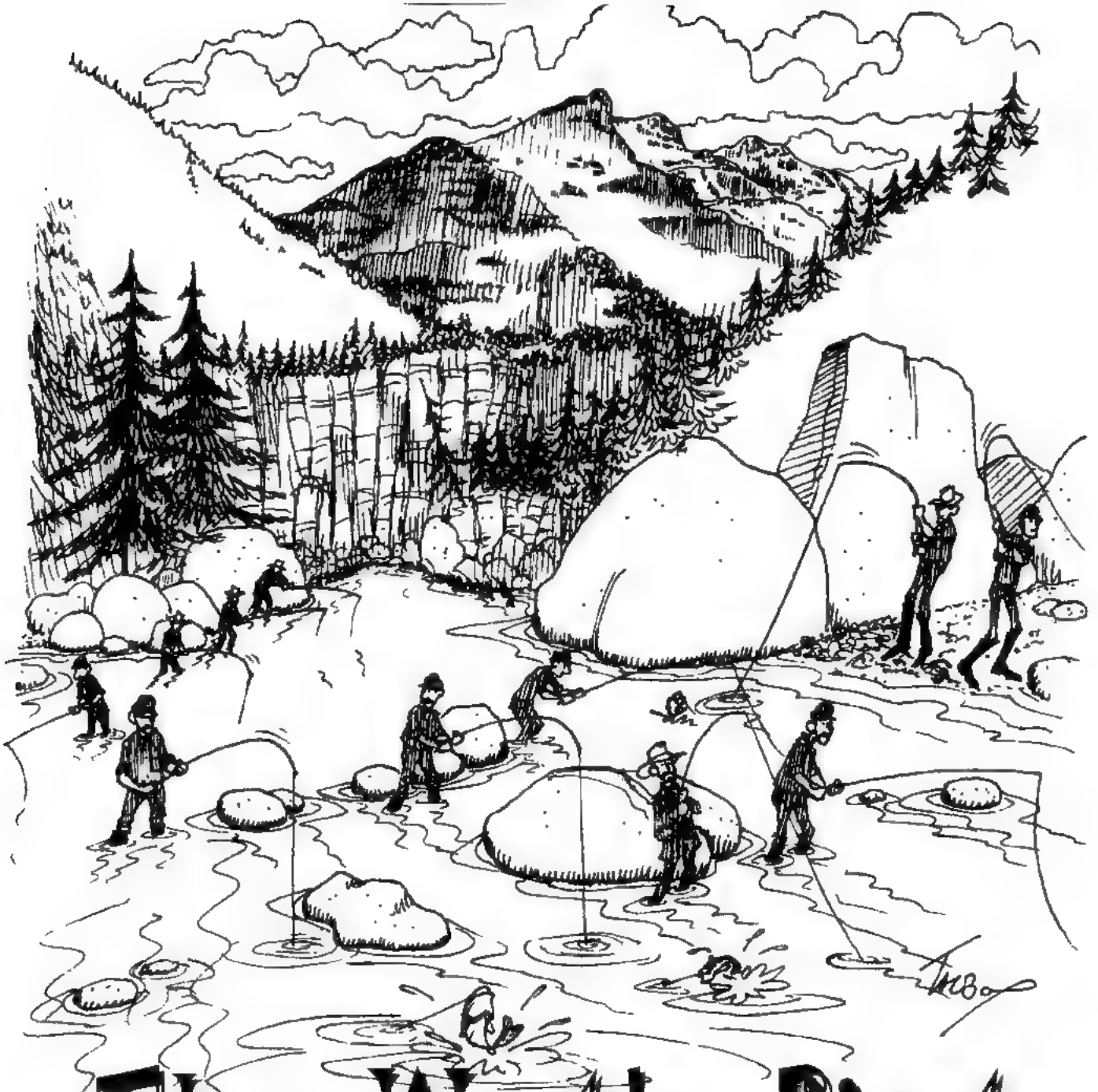

The West's First Fishing Derby:

Crook Caught Trout the Day Custer Died

General George Armstrong Custer's Seventh Cavalry was in dire need of help when it attacked Sitting Bull's formidable camp on the Little Bighorn River. It didn't come because the reinforcement column that was supposed to arrive from the south was fishing on the Tongue River in Wyoming. A third column to the north on the Yellowstone River was awaiting word of the Indians' location.

Ultimately, Custer's fate was sealed eight days before the Battle of the Little Bighorn.

By Ken Retallic ▩ Illustrated by Daryl Talbot

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Crook's Retreat Doomed: Summer Wars of 1876

By Ken Retallic

General George Crook continued to claim victory at the Battle of the Rosebud long after the winds dispersed the echoes of battle. But most historians maintain Crazy Horse won the day. One contends another Battle of the Little Bighorn was averted only through courageous counterattacks by the Crow and Shoshone allies supporting the Wyoming Column.

An avid proponent of engaging the enemy in force, Crook embarked May 29, 1876, from Fort Fetterman on the North Platte River with forty-seven officers and 1,000 enlisted men. The column included ten troops of the Third Cavalry, five troops of the Second Cavalry, two companies of the Fourth Infantry, and three companies of the Ninth Infantry. The infantry forces were mounted on mules. Supplies and ammunition were carried by 120 wagons and 1,000 pack mules.

A veteran of the Apache wars, Crook was a staunch believer in using Indians to fight Indians. At Goose Creek, near present-day Sheridan, 176 Crows and 86 Shoshones joined Crook, who entreated Chief Washakie of the Shoshone to gather more warriors.

Still, Crook's battalion was the largest of the three columns ordered to encircle and capture the Sioux who had fled reservations in the Dakotas.

General Alfred Terry commanded 925 officers and enlisted men in the Dakota Column that embarked from Fort Abraham Lincoln on the Missouri River. At its head were twelve troops of the Seventh Cavalry led by George Armstrong Custer. The understrength companies of the Civil War Boy General totaled 700 officers and men, plus forty Arikira and Crow scouts.

The Montana Column, led by Colonel John Gibbon, departed from Fort Ellis, near present-day Bozeman, with 450 officers and men and twenty-five Crow scouts.

Unknown to the commanders was the magnitude of the forces converging on Sitting Bull's camp for the annual Sun Dance and spring hunt. Historians still differ on the actual strength of the tribes. Estimates of the number of warriors range from a high of 3,000 to 4,000 to a low of 1,500. Regardless, such a gathering was unprecedented in the Plains Indians Wars, and Crook was the first to learn a bitter lesson.

The Wyoming Column clashed with more than 1,000 Sioux, Northern Cheyennes, and Arapahoes on June 17, eight days before Custer's Last Stand. In the six-hour battle, raging across five miles of creek bottoms and rolling plains, the column's fate waxed and waned. Its Crow and Shoshone allies saved the day by repeatedly preventing the soldiers from being overrun, stated Robert Utley in *Frontier Regulars: The U.S. Army and the Indians, 1866-1890.*

Ironically, Crook initially made the same mistake as Custer. He split his command. A cavalry force was sent to besiege the village he assumed was nearby because of the fierceness of the Indians' attack. He planned to send his remaining cavalry and infantry to support the troopers as

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Bourke says the cav practicing maneuve diers were permitte side in the afternoo

General George Crook's Second and Third Cavalry troops and mounted Fourth and Ninth Infantry forces fought a fierce running battle June 17, 1876, with Crazy Horse's Sioux and Northern Cheyenne warriors. The six-hour battle rampaged along Rosebud Creek, about sixty miles southeast of the Little Bighorn. It was a near disaster for Crook, but he still claimed a victory. Quixotically, however, he didn't advance and failed to send a warning about the tribes' strength to Custer's commander, General Alfred Terry.

The Battle of the Rosebud was

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overshadowed by Custer's Last Stand, and its aftermath during the summer wars of 1876 is rarely discussed. Except for an aide's journals, details of Crook's retreat to the present site of Sheridan likely would be lost to history. The column's six-week sojourn on the Tongue ranks as one of the strangest episodes in the annals of the United States Army.

"The merits of Tongue River and its tributaries as great trout streams were not long without proper recognition at the hands of our anglers," stated Lieutenant John Bourke in *On the*

...continued

soon as he could disengage from the attack. But Crazy Horse's warriors could not be beaten away.

To save his divided command, Crook recalled the cavalry detachment. The troopers returned by a different route and came up behind the Indians. When they were attacked from the rear, the Sioux and Cheyennes quit the fight.

Although both sides claimed victory, Crook did not advance. He knew a major village was near and a quick advance against it probably would have scattered the tribes. But for a hardened warrior of the Civil War and the Apache wars, Crook was peculiarly timid. Historians assert he professed an inordinate concern for his wounded.

However, the number of casualties still remains uncertain. The general reported nine soldiers and a Crow scout lost their lives on the Rosebud and twenty-one were wounded. His chief civilian scout, Frank Grouard, placed the toll at twenty-eight killed and fifty-six wounded.

Compounding interpretation of battle reports is the large number of men previously listed as deserters but later recorded as combatants in company muster rosters. All the official reports on the battle, including Crook's, are too succinct and self-serving to decipher the toll. Most lacking is a report of whether any of the wounded later died.

Apparently, losses among the Crows and Shoshones were only two deaths and a few wounded. Crazy Horse later said thirty-nine Sioux and Cheyennes were killed in the battle and sixty-three were wounded.

Another irony of the battle is that unknown to Crook, Major Marcus Reno and six troops of the Seventh Cavalry were only forty miles away on the lower end of the Rosebud. Reno found a large abandoned Indian camp and returned to the Yellowstone to report to Terry.

Crook returned to his earlier base camp at Big Goose Creek. He never sent word of the battle to the two northern columns. His first report was sent to General Phil Sheridan, in Chicago, via telegraph from Fort Fetterman, northwest of Cheyenne.

Crook's retreat "neutralized him at the most critical juncture of the campaign," stated Utley. The general's refusal to move until he received infantry reinforcements quashed any prospects of a meaningful army victory. Instead of dispersing, the Indian camp grew stronger daily. It probably had doubled or tripled in size by the time Custer launched his ill-fated plunge into the Little Bighorn valley.

On June 25, the Wyoming Column was blissfully unaware of the furious battle on the Little Bighorn, a hard day's ride to the north. Many were fishing in the Tongue River or its tributaries.

On July 1, as it prepared to celebrate its centennial, a horrified nation learned Custer and 263 men under his command met their fate in an overwhelming onslaught led by Sitting Bull and Gall. Crook was hunting deer in the Big Horn Mountains.

After the Battle of the Little Bighorn, the Indians scattered. Crazy Horse retreated to the Big Horn Mountains. Sitting Bull and Gall fled to Canada. The northern columns led by Terry and Gibbon found thirty-eight Indian graves at the abandoned camp.

Custer's impetuous attack against the Sioux is the West's best known legend. It has been the topic of numerous history books, novels, and motion pictures.

The Battle of the Rosebud rarely rates more than a footnote or passing reference. Crook can only be described as quixotic in a star-cluttered cast of eccentrics in the summer wars of 1876.

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Border With Crook. "Under the influence of the warm weather the fish had begun to bite voraciously, in spite of the fact that there were always squads of men bathing in the limpid waters or mules slacking their thirst. The first afternoon ninety-five were caught and brought into camp."

The first Yellowstone cutthroat trout taken from Big Goose and Little Goose creeks were meant to supplement the army's monotonous field rations. But fishing quickly became an obsession. As word passed among the troops that the trout were taking grasshoppers, virtually the whole battalion got in on the action. It turned into the West's first fishing derby.

"My note-books about this time seem to be almost the chronicle of a sporting club, so filled are they with the numbers of trout brought by different fishermen into camp," Bourke continued. "Mills started in with a record of over 100 caught by himself and two soldiers in one short afternoon. On the 28th of June the same party has another record of one hundred and forty-six. On the 29th of same month, Bubb is credited with fifty-six, while the total brought into camp during the 28th ran over five hundred."

"Three Stars," as General Crook was known among Indians, apparently was more of a hunter than fisherman. Not a model cavalry man, Crook rode a sturdy mule rather than a horse. His claim to fame was in subduing the Apaches in Arizona. He also quelled a Shoshone uprising in Idaho. In 1883, he returned to Arizona to capture Geronimo.

"General Crook started out to catch a mess [of fish], but met with poor luck," Bourke stated. "He saw bear tracks and followed them, bringing in a good-sized 'cinnamon' [black bear], so it was agreed not to refer to his small number of trout."

It takes a lot of fish to feed 1,000 troopers and soldiers, not to mention the many mule packers and teamsters accompanying the column. Bourke noted that "Buffalo and elk meat were both plenty, and with the trout kept the men well fed."

Bourke said the cavalry troopers spent their mornings practicing maneuvers but troopers and soldiers were permitted to roam the countryside in the afternoon, hunting and fishing. The packers also organized a mule race. "It was estimated by conservative judges that fully five dollars had changed hands in ten-cent bets."

Amid this holiday atmosphere the general's aide said little about the Rosebud battle and nothing about an earlier skirmish on the Tongue River. On June 9, the column had traded potshots with about 200 Sioux and Cheyenne who fired into their camp from the river's bluffs.

"Up to the end of June no news of any kind, from any sources excepting Crow Indians [scouts], had been received from General Terry and his command, and much comment, not unmixed with uneasiness, was occasioned thereby," Bourke stated.

Terry was commander of the column that had set out from Fort Abraham Lincoln in North Dakota. Custer was his point man. He was supposed to lead the way to the Sioux for Crook, moving north from Fort Fetterman on the North Platte River, and Colonel John Gibbon coming from the northwest from Fort Ellis, at present-day Bozeman, Montana. Custer found the huge Indian encampment on the Little Bighorn first but didn't wait for reinforcements. And the rest, as the saying goes, is history.

Crook grew impatient with the lack of news. On July 1, he set out with a small detachment for the

Their party came to a sobering halt July 10 when messengers brought word Custer and 263 troopers of the Seventh Cavalry had been overwhelmed at the Little Bighorn.

summits of the Big Horn Mountains to look out over the plains. He spied no smoke of campfires nor dust plumes from Indian ponies or cavalry columns. So, the general went deer hunting.

Bourke's journals wax poetic over the rugged beauty of the Big Horns. He was enthralled by the snow-capped dome of Cloud Peak towering a thousand feet above timberline and the park-like plateaus harboring willow-choked meadows laced by translucent mountain streams and dotted with pristine lakes.

"On the 'divide' was a lake, not over five hundred yards long, which supplied water to the Big Horn [River] on the west and the Tongue on the east side of the range. Large cakes and floes of black ice, over a foot in thickness, floated on its waters. Each of these was covered with snow and regulated ice," he reported.

Later the party was intrigued when it found "The snow in one place was sixty to seventy feet deep and had not been disturbed for years, because there were five or six strata of grasshoppers frozen stiff, each representing one season."

Bourke complained that trout leaping for early mayflies ignored bait tossed by anglers in the party. The keen, rarefied air of the mountains had "aggravated" already hearty appetites. But the general's venison would make "epicures" sigh "in vain for the pleasure with which it was devoured." Bighorn sheep and mountain bison also fed their voracious appetites during the alpine trek.

Crook returned to the flatlands July 4 still unaware of the Custer catastrophe. But not even the nation's centennial intruded on Bourke's notations of the wilderness wonders of his surroundings.

Sheridan is where the prairie meets the Rocky Mountains. To the east are the high plains, dry rolling hills dotted with clumps of short grass and sagebrush. To the west are the thickly timbered foothills of the Big Horns, capped by the range's snowy peaks. Streams flowing out of the mountains spill onto the plains from the mouths of narrow steep-walled canyons. Picturesquely eroded rock formations rim the canyons, huge boulders and swirling pools pocket the tumbling streams.

In addition to the gluttony of his troops, Crook had to feed more than 2,500 head of livestock, including the horses of the cavalry and Indian scouts, and the mules of the infantry, wagon trains, and pack trains. Camp was moved repeatedly to the mouth of another Tongue tributary for new grazing grounds. The battalion's fishing bonanza was renewed at each new camp.

"The credulity of the reader will be taxed to the utmost limit if he follows my record of the catches of trout made in all these streams," Bourke declared. "What these catches would have amounted to had there been no herds of horses and mules...I am unable to say; but the hundreds and thousands of fine fish taken from that set of creeks by officers and soldiers, who had nothing but the rudest of appliances, speaks of the wonderful resources of the country in game at that time."

But even with the bounty of the frontier, numbers alone were not enough. The big fish syndrome took over. Quiet reports of "hidden fish far greater in size and weight than those caught closer to camp" enticed Bourke to explore "beautiful deep pools farther up the mountain."

Gaudy, hand-tied flies of the period didn't phase the suspicious mountain trout, but native grasshoppers were irresistible. Bourke's party was soon plucking trout "from all sorts of unexpected places—from the edge of the rapids below us, from under gloomy blocks of granite, from amid the gnarlly [sic] roots of almost amphibious trees."

Still, Bourke wanted bigger fish to fry. An Irish teamster, born and bred in the salmon districts of Ireland, steered him in the right direction. He even loaned the lieutenant his willow rod.

The cutthroat trout that rose to Bourke's grasshopper "was noble, heavy, and gorgeous in his dress of silver and gold and black and red." A spirited but brief tussle ended with the three-pound fish flopping in the grasses of the creek bank. Bourke hurried off to dinner, pleased to return with the "largest specimen reaching camp that week."

The battalion's final angling honors went to Major Henry Noyes, one of its most earnest fishermen. When he failed to return to camp after a heavy thunderstorm, a search party was launched.

"Noyes was found fast asleep under a tree, completely exhausted by his hard work," Bourke reports. "He was afoot and unable to reach camp with his great haul of fish, over one hundred and ten in number; he had played himself out, but had broken the record, and was snoring serenely."

In all, Bourke estimated the battalion captured more than 15,000 trout from the Tongue River and its tributaries. To their credit, Crook and his officers insisted there be no waste. All the fish had to be eaten in camp or dried for later use.

Their party came to a sobering halt July 10 when messengers brought word Custer and 263 troopers of the Seventh Cavalry had been overwhelmed at the Little Bighorn. "The shock was so great that men and officers could hardly speak when the tale slowly circulated from lip to lip," Bourke reports.

The same day the Sioux returned and tried to burn out Crook's camp by setting fire to the prairie. They continued to harass the column for two weeks "by trying to stampede stock, burn grass, annoy pickets, and devil the command generally."

The battalion was back in the war, but it didn't return to the field until the end of July.

Crook declared, "I am at a loss what to do" in a letter to General Philip Sheridan, commander of the army's western forces. The comment is indicative of the malaise that paralyzed the field commanders in the wake of the 1876 campaign's major battles.

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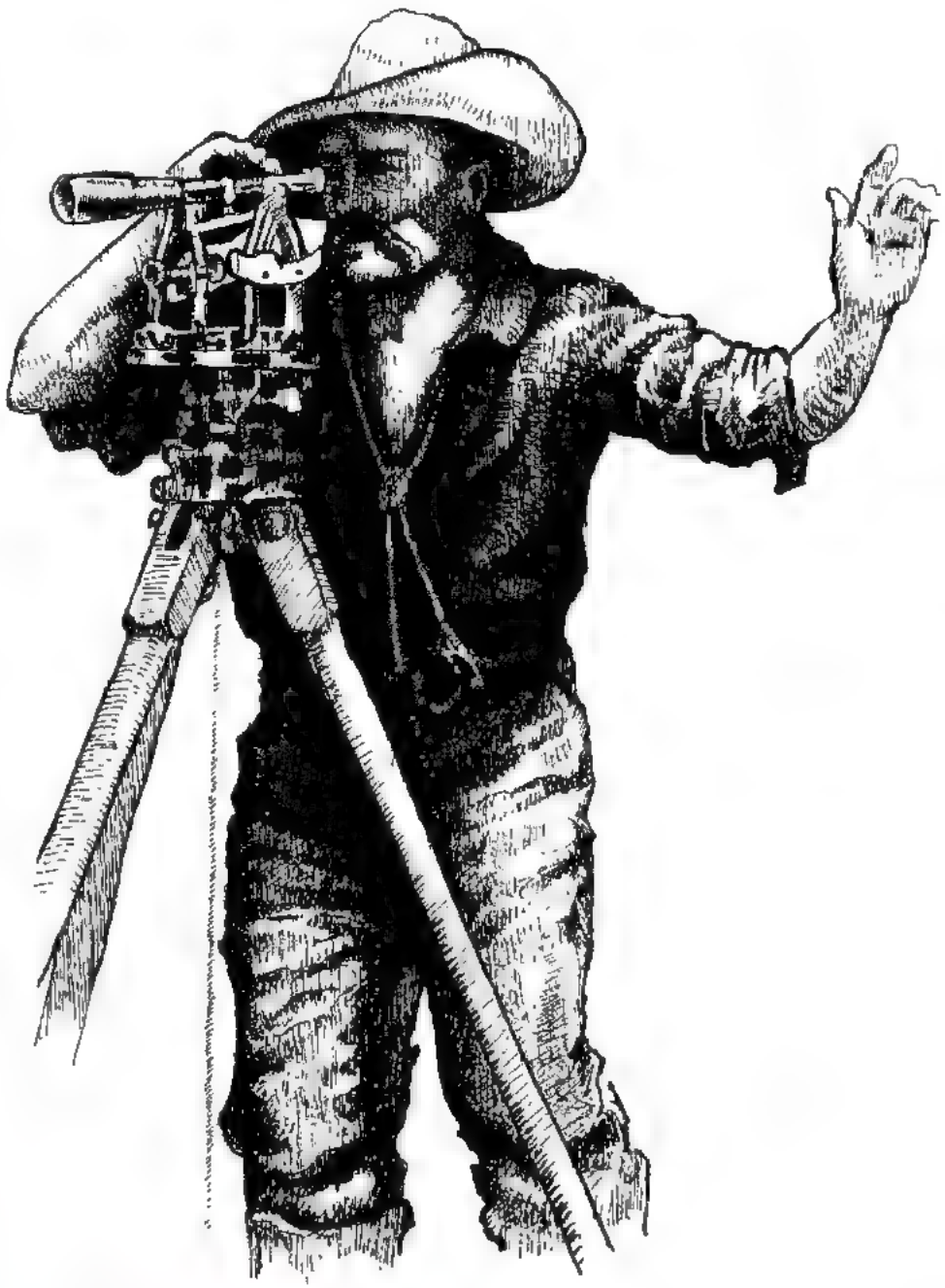
MAPPING THE BLACK HILLS

BY KAY KLEMENT

ILLUSTRATED BY IRA KENNEDY



There is a small crypt imbedded in the stone of an abandoned lookout tower high atop Harney Peak in the Black Hills of South Dakota. It is denoted by a bronze plaque bearing the epitaph "VALENTINE T. McGILLYCUDDY, WASICU WAKAN, 1849-1939." When tourists ask their trail guides about this mysterious box, the responses vary and are rarely correct, for few people today know that the simple bronze box holds the cremated remains of one of the most remarkable figures of the American West.

Valentine Trant McGillycuddy, M.D., an extraordinary, courageous, conscientious, and incorruptible midwesterner, began his career as a doctor in Detroit, Michigan, but was destined to become "Wasicu Wakan" (White Miracle Man) to the Oglala Sioux and play a crucial part in the development of Dakota Territory. Renowned for his successful, yet tumultuous and legendary seven years as Indian agent for the Oglala Sioux at Pine Ridge Reservation (1879-1886), McGillycuddy was, himself, most proud of his part in the exploration of the Black Hills.

Born in Racine, Wisconsin, on February 14, 1849, McGillycuddy moved with his parents to Detroit, Michigan, in 1863, later attending the University of Michigan and Detroit Medical College. After graduating in 1869, he put in tedious hours treating patients along

Detroit's seamy waterfront as well as in several local hospitals. After three years, the overwork took its toll on the tall, lean, cultured gentleman, sapping his strength and apparently weakening his heart, and he was encouraged to improve his health by pursuing outdoor activities for a while.

Having studied engineering along with his medical courses, the adventuresome, self-assured youth found employment as assistant engineer and acting surgeon with the crew of the Great Lakes Geodetic Survey (1871-1874). He enjoyed the work so much that he soon joined the United States Engineering Corps as topographer and surgeon for the US-British North American International Boundary Survey, an expedition that established the boundary line between the United States and Canada in 1874. That took him to Washington the following winter, where he became acquainted with Major J.W. Powell. His skill, thoroughness, and meticulous precision gained him notoriety and praise, so when President Ulysses Grant requested four engineers and scientists be selected to explore and map the Black Hills in 1875, with Major Powell to be in charge, McGillycuddy was invited to join the historic Jenney-Newton Expedition. This exploration of the Black Hills had great significance as the first civilian, purely scientific venture, and the results relative to the discovery of gold in the region would split the Sioux territory in spite of the treaty with the Indians. McGillycuddy, while best known for his work among the Indians in succeeding years, remembered the survey of the Black Hills as one of his best undertakings. Throughout his long, varied, and colorful life, he would vividly recall his experiences with the famed expedition for journalists, historians, and scientists, as well as family and friends.

Meriwether Lewis and William Clark led the first exploration of Dakota Territory in 1804-1806; it was not until 1882 that another expedition set out in the region. In 1855 "The Sioux Expedition" was made under the command of General W.S. Harney (for whom Harney Peak is named) primarily to determine routes to the far West and between military posts. There were no scientific observations included. From then on there were several expeditions for military reasons and a few for scientific discovery, but none was of any consequence until the summer of 1874.

By then, civilian miners had begun to enter the hills in search of gold, and the railroads were clamoring for the opening of the reservation. The Sioux would not sell or consent to opening the country to white settlement, so acting under orders of General Philip Sheridan, Lieutenant Colonel George Armstrong Custer led an expedition into the Black Hills. Custer's action was in direct violation of theLaramie Treaty of 1851 in which the federal government confirmed Sioux title to the land, a commitment reiterated in an 1868 treaty agreeing that Paha Sapa (the Black Hills) were part of the permanent Sioux Reservation. Searching for gold was not an officially stated objective of the expedition, but Custer requested and received the services of a geologist on the expedition. By paying professional miners to accompany the group, the government, thus, became a willing accomplice.

On July 2, 1874, an impressive assemblage of ten companies of the Seventh Cavalry, two battalions of infantry, both Indian and white scouts and guides, a scientific staff, and a full military band—over 1,000 men and nearly 100 wagons—set out with instructions to return within sixty days. In the end, Custer's forces encountered very few Indians and had plenty of time to appreciate the beauty and near perfect resources of this land. Custer reported gold being found in paying quantities in numerous localities, claiming these lovely and fertile mountains to be "ripe for civilization." These reports were magnified, exaggerated, and widely publicized in spite of the reports of Professor N.H. Winchell, geologist with the expedition and Captain William Ludlow of the engineers, which cast doubt on Custer's claim.

Western Publications Archives

Dr. Valentine McGillycuddy in the field.

Other civilian scientists and Indian sympathizers supported these scientists' reports, suspecting Custer of attempting to promote settlement in the reservation on behalf of the railroads, but the damage was done. Prospectors headed to the Black Hills in droves in spite of a government warning that trespassers would be kept out by force of arms, a caveat that was rarely applied.

The Indians were becoming restless and Congress had adjourned, but the Senate and House Committee on Indian Affairs called on President Grant to take immediate action to send a special civilian scientific expedition into the area to ascertain the extent and value of

the gold deposits there. President Grant objected on the grounds that no funds were available. Because the matter concerned an official Indian reservation, he was informed that there was a sufficient sum in "The Beneficiary Fund for the Sioux" out of which expenses could be paid. The matter was turned over to the Bureau of Indian Affairs, and the secretary of the Interior ordered still another expedition into the Black Hills in the summer of 1875. While Custer's was a military reconnaissance, this foray was a civilian venture sponsored by the Interior Department and staffed by eastern and national institutions. As it turned out, though, the comptroller of the Treasury, citing lack of authority, refused to permit one cent of the Sioux fund to be disbursed for the expenses. The leaders of the expedition had to borrow money to pay their own way until the spring of 1876, when a special appropriation became available.

MEANWHILE, Professor Henry, then head of the Smithsonian Institution, was asked to suggest a geologist to take charge of the expedition. This request was referred to Dr. J.S. Newberry of the Columbia School of Mines who nominated Walter P. Jenney, also of Columbia, as geologist in charge; Henry Newton as his assistant; Captain Horace P. Tuttle of the Cambridge Observatory, astronomer; and Dr. Valentine T. McGillycuddy, topographer. C.G. Newberry, son of Professor Newberry, also was selected, but ill health forced his resignation just before the entourage departed. There was also a corps of eleven professional miners and laborers led by W.F. Patrick, E.M., and which included William H. Root, head mining assistant; John Brown, Jr.; William O. Baldwin; A.J. Bottsford; A. P. Sanders; T.H. Mallory; Thomas Morey; James Conklin; Robert M. Jones; A.E. Guerin; and George Bowlin, cook. Because Indians were expected to demonstrate, the explorers were provided with an elaborate escort of some 400 soldiers and a train of seventy-five wagons, which but for lack of a band, nearly matched the splendor of Custer's expedition the year before.

Of all those involved with this historic venture, only McGillycuddy would be destined to remain in Dakota Territory to have a profound influence on the region's progress and development over the next twenty years. The doctor, only twenty-six at the time of the expedition, lived to the age of ninety and was consulted and interviewed throughout his successful and prominent life by historians, reporters, and geology experts concerning this significant exploration.

The party assembled on April 25, 1875, at Cheyenne, Wyoming, but departure was delayed, as orders for means of transportation—horses, mules, wagons—hadn't yet been issued by the War Department. On May 17, they finally set out and on May 24 were joined by the military escort, with Lieutenant Colonel R.I. Dodge, Twenty-third Infantry, commanding. They reached the Black Hills on June 3, setting up permanent camp on French Creek and during the next four months and twenty days, going from south to north, made a complete geological and mineralogical survey.

Jenney and his party went off on their own with only one goal: to ascertain the presence and extent of gold in the area. Tuttle, Newton, and McGillycuddy made up the party who, with a lieutenant sent out by Colonel Dodge on each trip to gain field experience, accomplished all the other scientific studies. In McGillycuddy's words, "Prof. Jenney, a queer chap, would go off somewhere hunting for gold. Old Tuttle, Newton and myself fitted in well together. A region may be of interest geologically, astronomically and topographically, but not for gold; and there is where Jenney and I parted company." He reported meeting Jenney one day in August about half way through the field period. Jenney informed the others that while gold did exist in the Black Hills, the geological formation precluded finding it in any paying commercial quantity, so he decided they should shut down the operation and go home. The other scientists firmly responded that they had been sent by the government to make a complete exploration and survey of the Black Hills as a whole, with Newton to report on the general geology. They would continue their work, so Jenney also remained.

Time was short, so they had to rush things, averaging twenty miles a day on "meander surveys" in the valleys. They would wander sixty to seventy-five miles from the main camp, not knowing where they were headed, then get back to camp in seven to ten days for a new lieutenant and escort. After a day or two of rest they would be off again. Early on, Dodge insisted on the scientists being escorted by a whole cavalry troop and wagon train for protection against the Indians, but this proved too cumbersome. Often the escort couldn't keep up or got lost, leaving the scientists out all night with no bedding or food.

After much arguing, McGillycuddy convinced Dodge that eight pack mules and a sergeant's guard of ten men would work well and be quite adequate.

The topographical work was performed by the reconnaissance method, with McGillycuddy traversing the district by numerous and intersecting routes, sketching and observing the area as he went. His courses were estimated by noting his traveling time; his bearing and the bearings of the features of the topography were observed with a prismatic compass. Sextant observations for latitude were made by Tuttle each night and at midday camp, the whole then checked by a triangulation including the principal peaks.

To draw a topographical map it is necessary to make various triangulations, and this posed a large and difficult problem for McGillycuddy. The distance to be triangulated was 125 miles from north to south and 100 miles from east to west with sides of the various triangles running from twenty-nine to forty-three miles. From their first camp in the southwest portion of the Black Hills

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in Wyoming, McGillycuddy and Tuttle occupied Inyan Kara (where they found the initials "G.A.C." chiseled in the rock near the summit by Custer the previous year) and neighboring peaks, but had the perplexing problem of how to hook up Inyan Kara and Harney Peak in Dakota (which at 7,242 feet is the highest point east of the Rockies) into the surveying plan. A high limestone divide west of Harney, extending north and south in the Dakota portion of the Black Hills, shut off any views between these two major peaks McGillycuddy finally managed to locate a prominent limestone point on the divide about 100 feet high which he named "Crook's Tower" for General George Crook, under whose command the expedition operated. From this point he was able to tie in the Dakota and Wyoming parts of the triangulation.

Ordinarily in an extensive triangulation, a base line is first established on level ground. However, the strange and irregular topography of the Black Hills presents a bewildering tangle of minor elevations, and there was neither time nor resources to determine a base line outside the area. It was astronomer Tuttle who came to the rescue by devising an experiment he termed an "astronomical base."

First it was necessary to ascend Harney Peak, and according to McGillycuddy, he was the first man who ever reached the summit, with Henry Newton, the geologist, and Captain Tuttle next. In the doctor's words, "No Indian had ever made it, as they were not obliged to do so; but we absolutely had to, as it was our main astronomical, topographical, triangulation and barometric station of the 1875 survey." He responded likewise when asked if Custer had reached Harney's summit in 1874. In a reply dated October 12, 1926, to a request from C.C. O'Hara, president of the South Dakota School of Mines & Technology, for some data on the 1875 ascent of Harney Peak, McGillycuddy wrote, "We were the first party, white or Indian, to have made the ascent. Gen. Custer's party did not reach the summit in 1874. Although I had several years experience in mountain exploration as a topographer and engineer, it was the toughest job I ever struck, as it took us two days from French Creek, but I had to occupy the summit for triangulation." In a subsequent letter to O'Hara dated January 11, 1937 (just a month before McGillycuddy's eighty-eighth birthday), the doctor again reaffirmed that he was confident neither Custer nor any Indian had ever reached Harney's summit. In that correspondence he explained, "It entailed great labor on our part and required three days to make the short distance from our main camp near the present location of Custer City....On reaching the base of the summit proper, we were forced to go to heavy labor and fell a tall pine tree into the crevice to shin up onto the next shoulder...."

After succeeding in making the ascent of Harney Peak, which became their "top station," they picked up Custer Peak with their instruments, determined its bearing (approximately 23° west of north) and took latitude observations two nights on the summit of Harney. A few weeks later they ascended Custer Peak and took the back bearing of Harney (23° east of south) then two days' latitude observations from there. Thus, they were able to compute with great accuracy the

exact distance between the two peaks for a base line with which to carry out the triangulation.

McGillycuddy's next task was to find a way to hook up these two peaks into the surveying plan. But before leaving the summit of Harney on July 25, the party all signed their names on a card they corked into an empty jar requesting anyone subsequently making the ascent to notify McGillycuddy. In the fall of 1876, while stationed at Fort Robinson, Nebraska, the doctor received a postcard from a man named Snow who was from either Yankton or Springfield, Dakota, who had reached the peak that summer and found the jar.

In addition to McGillycuddy's oft-repeated reports of the trials and tribulations associated with the scientific exploration of the hills, he told many tales of the human side of the expedition, the colorful characters and vagarious and whimsical antics of the troops and assistants. "It ought to have been made into a moving picture," the doctor claimed, "with its admixture of the flotsam and jetsam of civilization." Recalling individuals and incidents, McGillycuddy described some of the personnel on the expedition as "bright young men who had left their country for their country's good and their reputations behind them."

He remembered Colonel Dodge as a large man with a heavy black beard whom they called "Richard the First." In contrast, McGillycuddy described himself "on the long and hollow order"; only twenty-six-years old at the time, he stood over six feet tall and weighed a mere 125 pounds.

Among the doctor's many reminiscences were stories related to the prevalence and importance of alcohol to the men. As a young stranger to the "army crowd," he unwittingly fell victim to an initiation prank that was part of the cordial welcome he received the first afternoon he wandered over to the army camp. Being, in his own words, "neither abstemious nor a user of liquor to excess," he graciously downed a few drinks with the men, not learning until later of the game to "get the civilian doctor 'full.'" He was first given drinks of two parts water to one part whiskey, then two equal parts, and finally two of whiskey to only one of water. One by one, the officers flopped on the ground or into their hammocks as McGillycuddy kept imbibing in blissful ignorance, eventually ambling back to the scientists' camp, his standing firmly established. One important consideration for the escorts before embarking on each new foray into the field was whether it would be a "one-gallon or two-gallon trip." "It was wonderful what a consuming thirst developed on those expeditions," McGillycuddy mused. He recalled one time overstaying a "one gallon trip" by two days, running their lieutenant short of whiskey. As he told it:

> About 1 AM that moonlit night on the summit of Custer, I heard deep groans; Lt. F—'s little one-gallon keg was empty, while the thirst and his asthma were get ting in their work. Poking my head out from my blanket, I saw him sitting up, shaking and smelling the empty keg. He finally poured about a half cup of water from his can teen into it, shook the keg around to soak some flavor out of the wooden staves, and drank it with a sigh of relief. That evening we made the main camp where there was a reserve against such contingencies.

He noted that even their photographer shared the craving and was known, when all other sources of supply were temporarily exhausted, to indulge in draughts from his photographic alcohol.

In a 1928 interview for *Motor Travel* magazine, McGillycuddy also spoke of Captain Tuttle's inclination to imbibe excessively. While stating that Tuttle was "one of the most valuable men the Navy ever had in its service" and an associate of whom he was very fond, the doctor also said it was essential that he keep a close eye on the astronomer to prevent the possible loss of all their calculations. He claimed, "Tuttle and old California Joe, the famous scout, were good friends—and a very wise pair with a few drinks aboard."

The surveyors, while never themselves encountering any Indian hostility, were aware of the rumbling of serious trouble brewing among the Sioux, whose warriors were prepar-

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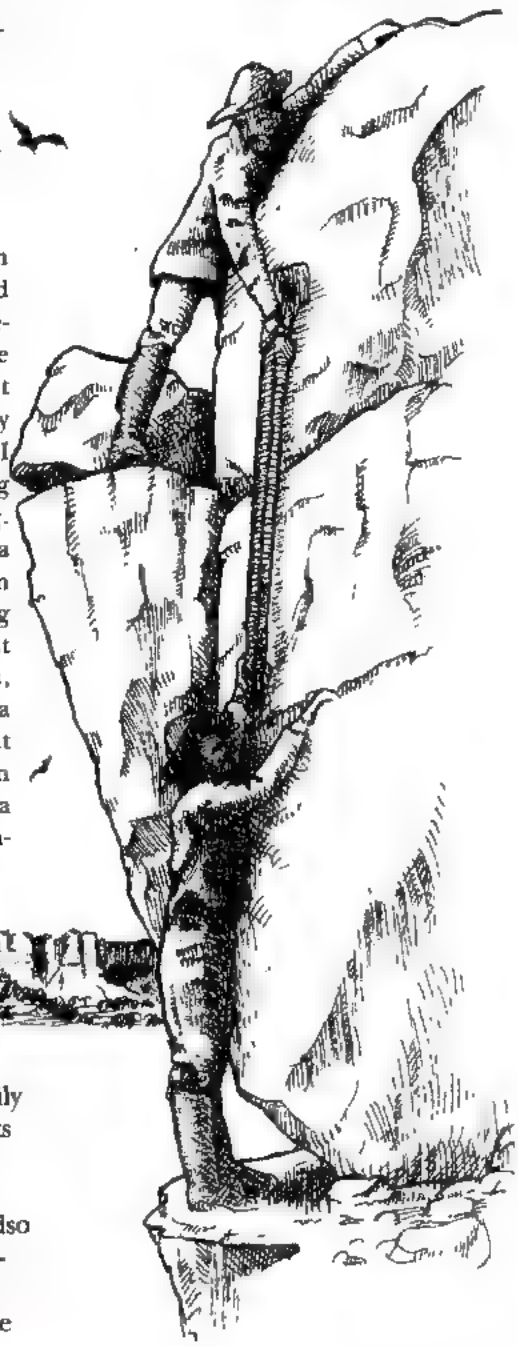

True West Legends: "Big Nose" George Parrott

By Larry K. Brown

1845—The past is filled with mysteries. But, few puzzle Old West criminal historians more than the origin and early years of notorious "Big Nose" George Parrott, an outlaw who derives his nickname—"Big Nose"—from his unusually large proboscis. He claims, during an August 17, 1880, jailhouse interview with a *Cheyenne Daily Sun* reporter, to be "George Francis Wurden" [or Warden] and that he came into this world on or about this year in Dayton, Ohio. But lack of proof, other than the wily Parrott's words gives us little confidence as to their accuracy.

The notorious Parrott may well have originated in France, because, following his death, the consul general of France requested from Wyoming Territorial Governor John W. Hoyt a "certificate of death relating to the late George Parrot [sic], alias George AuGross-Nez...required by widow of this convict."

Courtesy Union Pacific Railroad Museum

Shackles, the outlaw's death mask, and a piece of tanned skin are a few of the grisly reminders of George Parrott

1876-1877—Even his last years are full of doubt, although newspapers of the time credit him and his gang of road agents for terrorizing frontier towns throughout the Black Hills and Montana. Later, the gang drifts into Wyoming, where some suggest they have a hideout near a spring under the rim of North Pumpkin Butte in the wild Powder River country. Authorities suspect that Parrott also steals horses and robs the Cheyenne-Black Hills Stage Line, but they fail to catch him in the act.

August 16, 1878—The big-beaked outlaw and his men raid the toolhouse at the Medicine Bow railway station, where they take claw and sledge hammers...equipment that later will lead to their downfall.

August 17, 1878—The five-foot, ten-inch tall Parrott takes the first of his last steps toward hell some three miles west of Medicine Bow, in south-central Wyoming. There, he and his gang pry loose rail to stop and rob the train. An alert section boss, however, sees the break as he walks the track and fetches the law. As Carbon County Deputy Sheriffs Robert Widdowfield and Henry H. "Tip" Vincent chase their prey to a grove of willows near Elk Mountain, the robbers strike first. While stooping to check the ashes of a still-warm campfire, Widdowfield falls with a slug in the back of his head. Vincent returns the outlaws' fire, but with wounds in his chest and legs, he, too, dies.

August 27, 1878—When Vincent and Widdowfield fail to return, Carbon County Sheriff James G. Rankin goes in search. He finds their puffed and putrid bodies where Parrott and his men killed them.

Late December 1878—Just a few days before Christmas, interrogation of a suspicious looking man found near Rock Creek leads authorities to capture and arrest members of Parrott's gang. The mob's members include John Minuse, alias "Joe Minuse" or Manuse; Frank James, alias "Mack," "Mc," "Mac" McKinney; John Wells, or Toole, Tole, alias "Sandy," "Sim Warner"; Jack Campbell; Tom Reed; and Charles Torry. The outlaws spend the next few months pending trial behind the bars of the Carbon County jail.

April 7, 1879—A Carbon County grand jury convenes in Rawlins and finds the prisoners guilty of shooting to death Deputies Vincent and Widdowfield.

July 15, 1880—Authorities catch the black-haired Parrott, with eyes and complexion to match, in a Miles City, Montana, bar after the drunken outlaw brags of killing the Wyoming lawmen.

July 31, 1880—Montana's Custer County Sheriff Thomas H. Irvine turns Parrott over to Carbon County Sheriff James G. Rankin, who arrives from Wyoming to retrieve the self-confessed murderer.

August 7, 1880—When Sheriff Rankin returns Parrott to Wyoming, a mob at the town of Carbon snatches the prisoner from the train, nooses his neck, and hauls him high. The choking man saves himself by again confessing

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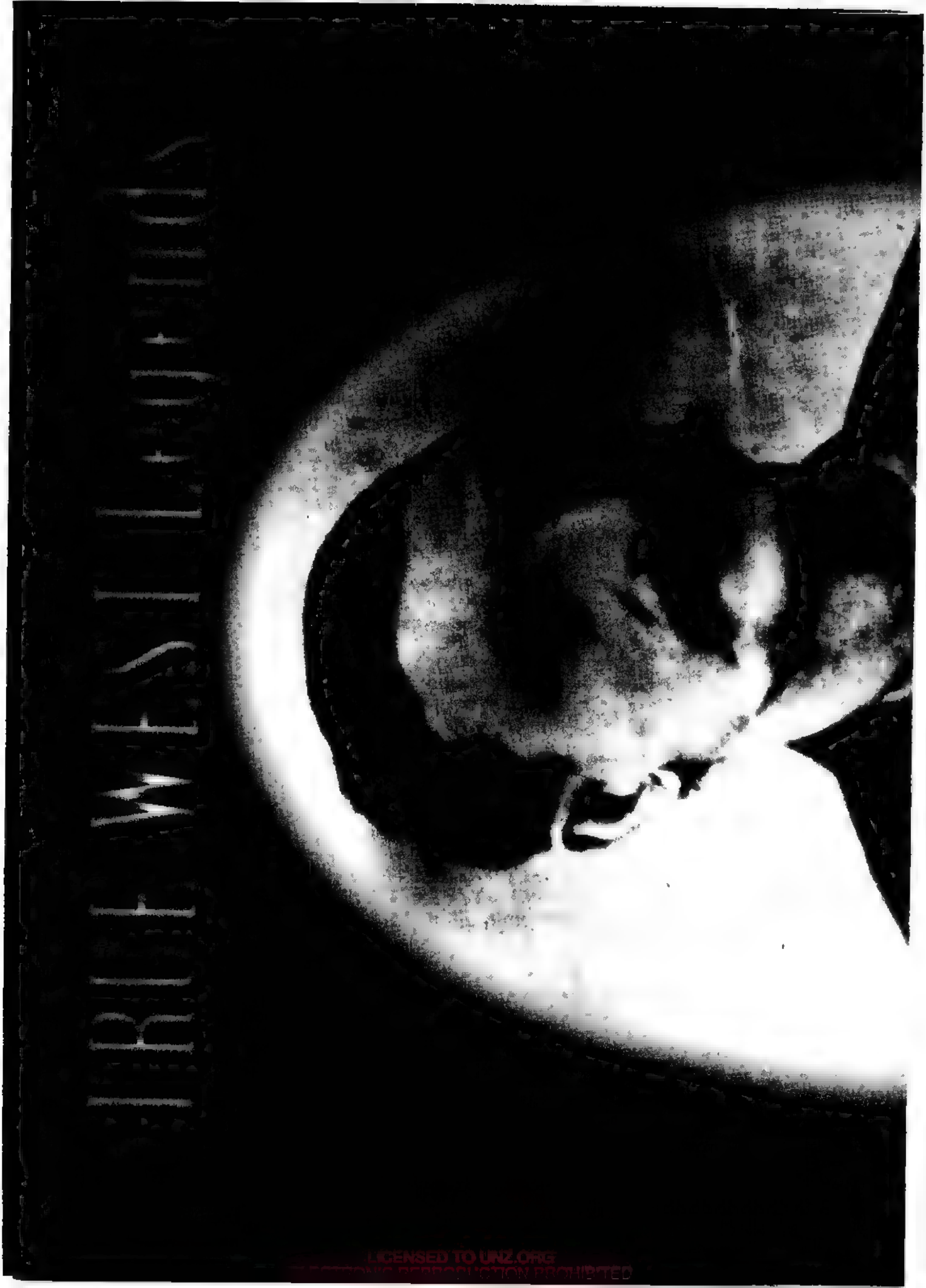

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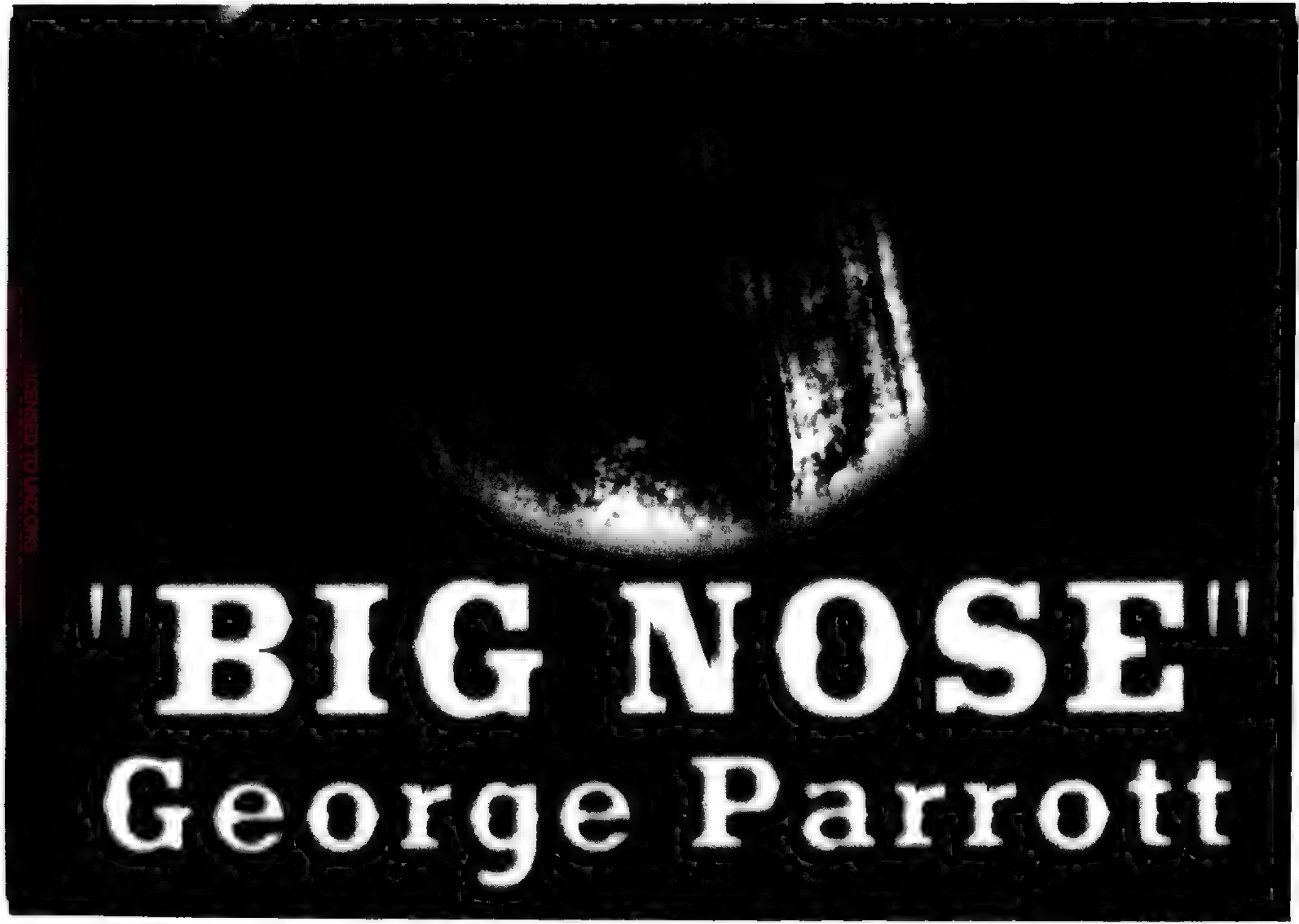
"BIG NOSE"
George Parrott

True West Legends: "Big Nose" George Parrott

his crime and the names of his accomplices. Their work done, the vigilantes give him back to the lawman, who takes him on to Rawlins, the county seat.

September 13, 1880—Parrott goes before Judge Jesse Knight's Second Judicial District Court bench, where, under the advice of S.T. Lewis, his court-appointed defense attorney, the desperado pleads "guilty" to the charge of murder. Carbon County Prosecutor G.C. Smith represents the people of Wyoming.

September 17, 1880—Shortly before the case goes to the jury, Parrott changes his plea to "not guilty."

September 18, 1880—Defendant Parrott again reverses his plea—back to "guilty"—just before the jury abruptly declares its verdict: "Guilty of murder in the first degree."

December 15, 1880—Following the felon's conviction, Judge Knight sentences Parrott to be hanged, on April 2, 1881. The bailiff returns the murderer to the Carbon County jail, where he spends Christmas, New Years, and most of the icy, windblown winter in his cell.

March 22, 1881—About 7:30 PM, a little more than a week before the law is to dress him in a fine hemp tie, Parrott cuts free from his cell and tries to flee. Though stopped by Jailer Robert Rankin, and his wife, Rosa, an angry mob hears of Parrott's attempted flight, storms the jail, and drags him into the street. Near the railroad tracks, one of the group tosses a half-inch rope over the arm of a telegraph pole, while others shackle his feet and bind his hands behind his back. The weak rope breaks under the outlaw's 160 pounds when he is hoisted into the air. In confusion, with the noose still around his neck, Parrott gets off the ground and crawls up a ladder leaning on the pole. A vigilante grabs the rope trailing over the crossbar, then, making it tight, someone knocks the steps out from under Parrott. Gasping and grasping for help, the outlaw's hands come loose and his body swings free as his head falls to one side. When Dr. John E. Osborne arrives and refuses to proclaim Parrott dead, the crowd strings up the body again.

March 23, 1881—Doctor Osborne returns to the site about noon and pronounces Parrott dead. Soon thereafter, he takes the corpse to his office, where he casts a plaster mask of the dead man's face. Later, from Parrott's breast, the "sawbones" cuts skin with which he has a cobbler make a pair of fine, two-toned, dark brown and buff, shoes. The physician also trims his medicine bag with scraps from Parrott's hide and gives the outlaw's brain bowl to his friend Dr. Lillian Heath, Wyoming's first woman doctor, who uses the outlaw's skull as a flower and pin pot, as well as an occasional doorstop for her office in Rawlins.

January 2, 1893—Some say Doctor Osborne not only wears his Parrott-skin oxfords while accepting his oath as Wyoming's third state governor, but appears in them at many public affairs, including dances.

1896—After being elected to the United States House of Representatives, Osborne walks the halls of the U.S. Congress while wearing his infamous soles.

May 12 ,1950—While digging a basement for the Hested store on Front Street in Rawlins, Wyoming, workers uncover a sealed whiskey barrel. Inside the keg they find the remains of Parrott's skeleton, a grisly reminder of a doctor's curiosity and a bandit's nose for trouble.

What to read:

The Cheyenne and Black Hills, by Agnes Wright Spring.
The Arthur H. Clark Collection, 1949.
Footprints on the Frontier by Virginia Cole Trenholm.
Douglas Enterprise Company, 1945.
"Big Nose George Parrot [sic]" by C.W. Breihan,
Western Brand Book (Vol. 2, No. 22, 1955).
"Big Nose George," by Gennet R. Pearce.
The West (Vol. 10, No. 6, May 1969).

Where to go:

Rawlins, Wyoming. The Carbon County seat is home to the Carbon County Museum, 904 West Walnut, where Parrott's lower skull, miscellaneous bones, and Doctor Osborne's Parrott-skin shoes are displayed. For more information and hours of operation, call (307) 328-2740.

Omaha, Nebraska. The Union Pacific Museum, located in the old Union Station at 801 South Tenth Street, has an exhibit that includes Parrott's brain bowl, the shackles or leg irons he wore while imprisoned in Rawlins, as well as another piece of his skin. For additional information and hours of operation, call (402) 271-3305.

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continued from page 30

ing to make one last effort to protect this last remaining remnant of their precious hunting grounds. Jenney identified a goldfield 800 square miles in area surrounded by "enough farm land to support a large mining population." He reported meeting hundreds of miners working in the Black Hills and estimated as many as 1,500 whites had moved into the forbidden Sioux Reservation. Colonel Dodge took no action against the trespassers despite orders from Generals Sherman, Sheridan, and Terry.

Unknown to the scientists, the government treaty commission, in the fall of 1875, offered to buy Paha Sapa from the Sioux Nation for $6,000,000 or $400,000 per year for mining rights. The chiefs refused and demanded $100,000,000. McGillycuddy recalled that a large band of Sioux under Little Big Man swarmed in on the council, threatening the commission if its members didn't leave. Young Man of Whose Horses They Are Afraid, hereditary chief of the Oglalas, came forth with some of his men to protect the commission, stating they were upon council ground of the Oglalas and Brules and announcing, "These people are under my protection, if you fight them, you will fight us." Little Big Man and his hostiles headed back north, running right into the surveyors' camp, but according to McGillycuddy, they showed no sign of hostility. "I could never understand," mused the doctor, "why they did not annihilate us."

In his preliminary report of the expedition, Professor Jenney wrote,

> It may be said with truth that the Black Hills include all the desireable [sic] land on the reservation and all the useful timber, and by those who view the treatment and future of the Indians in this region in a purely humanitarian spirit, the presence of gold in the Black Hills has been regarded as unfortunate, for if it were not for its discovery, this beautifully timbered and grassed region would afford them an excellent retreat during their initiation into the simpler labors of civilization. By many of the more intelligent of the Lakotas, the Black Hills have been long thought of as the final refuge of their tribe from the encroachment of the whites.

And so it proved to be. On November 3, 1875, President Grant said that no further resistance should be made to miners going into the Black Hills. The Gold Rush—and the war with the Sioux—was on!

The expedition resumed after four months and twenty days, reaching Fort Laramie on October 14, 1875, and the leaders returned to Washington in November to compile their report. Jenney published his practical findings immediately in a preliminary report that was distributed by the Interior Department in 1876, after which forces in Congress blocked passage of the final version fearing it would betray the inaccuracies of Custer's report. Newton, in frustration, hurried back in the spring of 1877 to collect more geological data at his own expense, but he spent only a short time in the area before contracting typhoid fever. He died there of the disease on October 5, 1877, without living to see the completion of his important role in this exploration.

NEWTON'S RESULTS, along with those of the other scientists, were finally published in 1880. This monumental report on the Black Hills was considered remarkable both in quantity and quality considering the party's brief time in the field and compared favorably with anything ever done by government explorers. In the previously mentioned interview for *Motor Travel* magazine, Dr. McGillycuddy, then residing in Berkeley, California, claimed, "After a lapse of more than 53 years, I remember the search of the Black Hills as one of my best undertakings. Considering the short time and limited facilities afforded in striking contrast to the elaborate equipment now sent into the field for such work, it has never been rivalled [sic] by a government exploration or survey."

All of McGillycuddy's field notes, triangulation readings, profile sketches, and other records of the 1875 survey were donated to the South Dakota School of Mines (now the South Dakota School of Mines and Technology) in Rapid City. He served on its board of trustees from 1892 until December 1894, at which time he resigned as president to become dean of the school. He held that position until 1897. His papers are available to the public through the archives of the Devereaux Library at the School of Mines.

After completing his work with the Newton-Jenney Expedition, McGillycuddy served as a medical officer with the U.S. Cavalry from 1875-1879, during which time he earned the respect of the Indians as well as his superiors. This led to his appointment by President Rutherford B. Hayes as U.S. agent of the Pine Ridge Reservation, a post he held from 1879-1886. McGillycuddy then moved to Rapid City, where he became president of Lakota Banking and Investment, vice president of the Black Hills National Bank, and organizer of the Dakota Power Company. While dean of the South Dakota School of Mines, he also acted as mayor of Rapid City from 1896-1898.

Following the death of his wife, Fanny, in 1897, the doctor married Julia Blanchard, resigned his posts in Rapid City and, in 1900, relocated to San Francisco, California, accepting the job of chief medical examiner for the Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York. He eventually became manager of the company's west coast division. Valentine McGillycuddy remained in California until his death on June 6, 1939. In honor of his manifold contributions to the Sioux Nation and Dakota Territory, his ashes were interred atop Harney's Peak, where he is memorialized as Wasicu Wakan (White Miracle Man).

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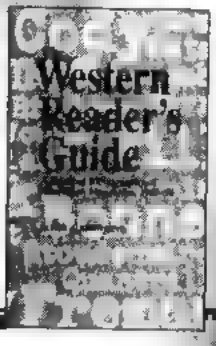

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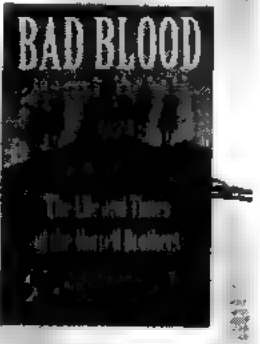

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DUTCHY:

INDIAN SCOUT AND APACHE RAIDER, PART I

By Allan Radbourne • Illustrated by Sergio Macedo

"I had served with Dutchy," wrote packmaster Henry W. Daly, "and I knew him to be a drunkard, a thief, and a murderer." In complete contrast, Britton Davis, writing of his time as a junior officer of the Third Cavalry, recalled, "Among my scouts was one we called Dutchy, on account of his very German-like face. He had a keen sense of humor and we soon became fast friends." Such contradictory views could hardly fail to inspire some curiosity about this Chiricahua Apache who was, by turns, Indian Scout, Apache raider, indicted murderer, prisoner of war, and—finally—alleged victim of murder.

In March 1880, Second Lieutenant James Allison Maney, Fifteenth Infantry, arrived at the San Carlos Indian Agency in Arizona to recruit Indian scouts. The twenty-five-year-old officer, a native of Tennessee, signed up about thirty men for service with Company A, Indian Scouts, in New Mexico. They were drawn from among the 5,000 Apache and Yavapai Indians on the White Mountain Indian Reservation and included a group of Chiricahua Apaches. Dutchy, then about twenty-one years of age, was one of these men. The others included Charlie, whose Indian name was Askadodelges, Kuni, and Chihuahua. Henry Daly recalled of the latter, "This chief was first sergeant of a company of Indian Scouts in New Mexico under Lieutenant James A. Maney," and an army officer described Dutchy as a "brother" of Chihuahua. The relationship may not have been that close but it was common practice among the Apaches for groups of men related in varying degrees to enlist together. Maney's company was signed up for the usual six-month enlistment and was soon on its way to Fort Cummings in southwestern New Mexico. It is possible that, over the last leg of the journey, Dutchy experienced his first train ride, if the lieutenant took his men on the recently constructed railroad into Deming, which was only fifteen miles southeast of their destination. Fort Cummings had been estab-

Courtesy National Archives

Dutchy was about twenty-seven when this Baker and Johnson photo was taken at Fort Bowie in 1886

lished in 1863, abandoned ten years later, and then recently re-occupied to serve as a base for the campaign against the Warm Springs Apache chief, Victorio, and his warriors. The chief, now in his middle fifties, had been fighting since 1877 against removal from his native territory. In that time, he had proved to be as formidable an opponent as the late chiefs, Mangas Coloradas and Cochise, or the Southern Chiricahua chief, Juh, who in December 1879, had surrendered to the military in Arizona.

Another company of Indian Scouts, from Arizona, had been enlisted by Lieutenant Maney in January and was operating from Fort Bayard, near Silver City. Both of these units and two more Scout companies transferred from Arizona, were part of the force which hoped to surprise Victorio's camp but which was successfully beaten off in a sharp fight at Hembrillo Canyon on April 7. In mid-May the two Scout companies joined the tired soldiers scouring the Tularosa and Datil mountains for their active and elusive enemy. The Scouts were detached, on May 17, under the management of Chief of Scouts Henry K. Parker, who was probably already known to Dutchy and the rest from his earlier service as chief of Indian Police at San Carlos. Colonel Edward Hatch told Parker to "Do the best you can," and four days later arrived at Ojo Caliente (the very site that Victorio had always asked for as his reservation) to find another weary column of soldiers. This time he was told by Major Albert Payson Morrow to "go out and kill one or two Indians." Chihuahua, Dutchy, Kuni, and Charlie, along with about sixty other Scouts, each carrying three days' rations, marched out again that day, moved down the east face of the Black Range, and located the hostile camp on the morning of the May 23. Parker reported sending out parties to thoroughly scout the site, which was surrounded by detachments of his men during the night. At daybreak on the twenty-fourth they opened fire, taking the camp by surprise and inflicting the heaviest casualties of the fight. The warriors managed to dig in and were then able to shoot back. "Victorio was there and talked to the scouts all day," wrote Parker. "Scouts say he was shot in the leg." This was probably Dutchy's second experience of action and it was a hard fight, lasting all that day. Parker and his men held their position through the night but by the following afternoon, with their ammunition almost gone, had to pull back to water, about five miles away. Two more nights and another day were spent tensely awaiting the arrival of rations and ammunition with the packer who had been sent back for them. Finally, any hope of following up this first serious defeat of Victorio on his own ground had to be abandoned. The command returned to Ojo Caliente. There they discovered that the army had been too occupied with announcing the victory to find time to consolidate it by further action.

Courtesy National Archives

Company A Indian Scouts at Fort Cummings, May 1881. The Anglos are Chief of Scouts Albert D Sterling (left, foot on rock), Lieutenant Charles W. Taylor (right foreground), Dr. Coffey (seated), and packmaster Henry W. Daly.

Despite having lost about thirty of his people, among them some of his best fighting men, Chief Victorio continued to be a sharp thorn in the side of the army. The necessity for holding onto Maney's Indian Scouts is made clear by his not following the usual practice of returning them to San Carlos once their

Courtesy National Archives

One of Frank Randall's photographs of Chief Chihuahua, at San Carlos in 1884, after his return from Mexico.

time was up. Instead, he discharged them at Fort Cummings on September 19 and re-enlisted them the next day. Although this time no names were entered into the record, plainly the lieutenant must have signed up the same men, including Dutchy. His later exploits underline his value in the field but Dutchy could be more of a liability than an asset when not usefully occupied. This was conspicuously the case when he found access to liquor, as recalled by packmaster Daly:

> At Fort Cummings, New Mexico, one night he got a skin full of mescal and was running the other scouts around with a butcher knife. I was directed to arrest him. I motioned to Yuma Bill and Rowdy, two [Yavapai] scouts I could rely on and had Yuma Bill approach Dutchy in front and engage his attention while Rowdy and I slipped up from behind and disarmed the renegade. We took him to the guardhouse where an officer made him carry a load of wood on his back for two hours....

Victorio had escaped into Mexico but on October 15, 1880, at Tres Castillos, Chihuahua, during an attack by Mexican forces he and many of his people lost their lives.

Most of those who survived were captured and carried off to imprisonment. Consequently, by the time that James Maney marched his Scout company back to Arizona for discharge, on March 19, 1881, Apache raiding in New Mexico had diminished considerably. The lieutenant enlisted a fresh company on the twentieth but as no names were recorded for them, it is impossible to be sure that Dutchy signed up again. It seems likely that he did, as life on the reservation offered young men few other opportunities to capitalize upon the warrior apprenticeship that they had served as youths. The prospect of being armed, rationed, paid cavalry rates of $13 a month (even though serving dismounted), and being encouraged to hunt, track, and fight was infinitely more attractive than that of laboring, herding, or serving some trade apprenticeship at the agency.

In May 1881, Second Lieutenant Charles William Taylor, Ninth Cavalry, succeeded to command of Company A, Indian Scouts, while Company B, was taken over by John Francis Guillfoyle of the same regiment. Second Lieutenant Guillfoyle was the one who saw most of the action while chasing a small band of Apache warriors who, having survived Victorio, now rampaged across New Mexico under the leadership of the elderly but indefatigable chief, Naña. If Dutchy was with Lieutenant Taylor's company—as Chihuahua was, according to Henry Daly—he did experience one skirmish with these raiders, on August 16, when some stolen property was recovered. Although they chased hard, Naña and his men eluded them in the Black Range. Company A was discharged at San Carlos and on the day following, September 24, Lieutenant Taylor enlisted a similar number of men. It is very probable that Dutchy was among them and that it was for this reason that he was absent from the reservation on September 30 when Chief Juh led about seventy Chiricahua warriors and thirty dependents in a breakout. Massive troop movements into the reservation to deal with trouble among the Cibicue Apaches had played a major part in the provocation of this exodus. There were now three companies of Indian Scouts serving in New Mexico. By March 1882, military records show them gathered at Fort Cummings, from where "Companies A, B, and C, Indian Scouts, under command of Lieutenant [Charles Scott] Hall, 13th Infantry, left...en-route to San Carlos Indian Agency to be discharged." On March 24, Second Lieutenant Hall and Second Lieutenant James R. Richards, Jr., enlisted men for all three compa-

nies. As was often the case, the actual selection was done by a Chief of Scouts, who, in this instance, was the young Californian, George Medhurst Wratten. It was when later defending the character of an Apache friend, Ahnandia, that Wratten recalled:

> About March, 1882, I enlisted nine Chiricahua and Warm Springs Apache Scouts. Ahnandia was a member of the police force at the San Carlos reservation [sic] and was enlisted by me on account of the faithfulness with which he had performed these duties. Acting under instructions, I marched with these Scouts and some others to Fort Stanton, New Mexico.

Besides Ahnandia, among those Wratten recruited were the Spanish-speaking Chiricahua Apache, Jose; the Warm Springs Apaches, No-gus-sea, Ma-say, and Toklanni; and the latter's future brother-in-law, Dutchy. As with his previous hitch, this term of service removed Dutchy from San Carlos at a crucial time. On April 19, the Chiricahua warriors returned to gather up their women and children. In the process they also obliged the moderate Warm Springs Apache chief, Loco, and his people to leave with them. During their raid, they killed Chief of Indian Police Albert D. Sterling and one of his men. Sterling had earlier served as chief of Indian Scouts at Fort Cummings. In their southbound flight, the Apache fugitives were hotly pursued by troops and Indian Scouts from both Arizona and New Mexico. They managed to escape into Mexico but not without some serious losses, particularly among Loco's people.

As a consequence of this breakout, Colonel Ranald Slidell Mackenzie, commanding the military District of New Mexico, became uneasy about the Chiricahua and Warm Springs Apaches in service as scouts. George Wratten recalled that "Mackenzie ordered them discharged because their tribes had left the reservation and he was afraid that they would follow. They themselves, however, had not done anything out of the way." Enlistment records show them discharged by special order on May 19, 1882. The *Arizona Silver Belt*, at Globe, later reported:

> When the Chiricahuas left the reservation on the 19th of last April, six [sic] of the tribe were then enlisted as scouts...and upon the fact becoming known that the Chiricahuas had gone, they were discharged from further service and sent to the reservation under an escort of soldiers. While in the [railroad] cars east of Deming, one of the soldiers told the Indians...it was the intention of the escort to kill them (the scouts) before they reached the reservation. This so worked on the fears of one of the Indians that he jumped off the train and struck across the country. Another of the scouts was sent after him...[and they]...subsequently turned up at San Carlos.

Courtesy National Archives

Widely accepted as a portrait of Chief Victorio, this photograph is filed without any contemporary detail of when, where, or by whom it was made.

Dutchy's fellow Scout, Ma-say, began a notorious career as a lone renegade by jumping off a train in 1886 and, evidently, was the one who had done so on this earlier occasion. "Massai," recalled Warm Springs Apache Jason Betzinez, "had enlisted as a United States Scout during the 1880 campaigns against Victorio. Two years later, while returning by train to Arizona in company with other scouts... Massai jumped from the train."

At San Carlos, Dutchy and the other discharged scouts found themselves less than welcome. The killing of Albert Sterling and his Apache captain, Sagotal, the theft of Indian stock, and the furious reaction of the white citizens against *all* of the Indians, had created a hostile atmosphere for them. Their situation was made still worse by another factor. George Wratten explained

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Courtesy National Archives

An 1876 portrait of Colonel Ranald S. Mackenzie, who, in 1882, commanded the Military Distnct of New Mexico.

that "They were constantly threatened by the scoundrels living around the reservation, and told that they would be killed because the rest of the tribe had gone out." In these circumstances it is perhaps understandable that Dutchy and his comrades, as they became increasingly uneasy and restless, sought refuge in liquor. Unfortunately, their drinking had all-too-familiar consequences when, on the evening of July 19, a party of freighters on their way to Globe camped about four miles east of the agency, near the banks of the Gila River. Dutchy and two or three others, all of them drunk, approached the campsite. The Tucson *Arizona Citizen* later gave an account of what followed:

> ...after standing about for a time, [they] seized their opportunity to get possession of the campers' two guns, and shot and killed one of the men, a Mormon named Jacob S. Ferrin. The others hid in the willows after witnessing the murder and were afraid to venture out.... After shooting Ferrin, Dutchy and his companions went over to the place where the vaqueros were guarding the freight team of Tully and Ochoa, under the charge of N[athan] B. Appel, but the Mexican vaqueros were too cunning to permit them to approach...the Indians then stampeded all the stock nearby.

Dutchy and his men, joined by four other young Apaches, managed to stay ahead of pursuit by Indian police and army units and headed east for the mountains. At 1:20 PM the next day, the commander of the military Department of Arizona telegraphed Colonel Mackenzie the news:

> Four Chiricahuas discharged by you this Spring attacked wagon train last evening four miles above San Carlos; killed one man and ran off stock. [They a]re reported going past Sub Agency and Ash Creek eastward. One Cavalry troop from [Fort] Grant and one from [Fort] Bowie sent in pursuit. They will probably try to reach Mexico by Stein[s] Peak Range. Look out for them on your side.

While Dutchy headed into the mountain chain running along the Arizona and New Mexico line, the officer in charge of scouting operations in Southern Arizona ordered out detachments to intercept his probable routes south into Mexico. One of these units was Company C, Indian Scouts, which set out in the early hours of July 21 from Camp Price, in the Chiricahua Mountains. The company was commanded by First Lieutenant William Logan Geary, Twelfth Infantry, who had with him First Sergeant Mickey Free and twenty-one Indian Scouts, managed by Chief of Scouts Jack Dunn. Five days later, news of their quarry being near Clifton, the Arizona copper-mining town fifteen miles from the New Mexico line, was wired to Colonel Mackenzie by General Orlando Willcox. He advised his counterpart that ten Indians were reported attacking a freight train near Clifton and killing a Mexican freighter. One column was behind them, wired Willcox, adding that "Lieut. Geary left Bowie twenty fourth with Cavalry and Scouts. If you have scouts in that quarter, we ought to catch the marauders." Dutchy's service in New Mexico is likely to have influenced his initial choice of escape route and helped him to elude the soldiers. When he turned south and east to follow the traditional Apache trails to the border, his actions became predictable to men as experienced as Jack Dunn and Mickey Free. They were soon on his back trail. Headquarters for Scouting Operations, at Fort Grant, received Lieutenant Geary's terse report, telegraphed from Richmond, New Mexico, on July 31:

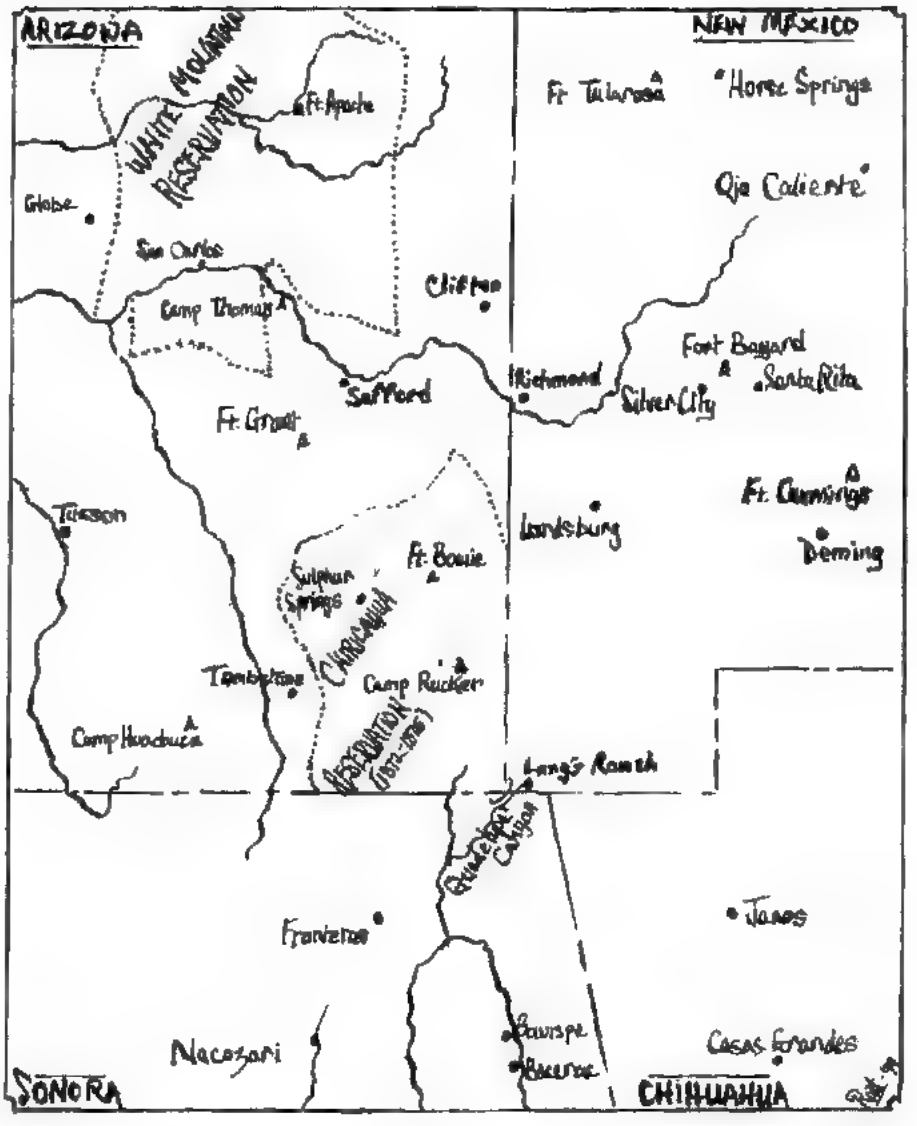
> Struck trail about nine Indians

about nine miles southeast of Clifton on the 26th. Indians stole twenty-one head of horses at Mule Spring on the 27th. So far they have killed nine horses on the trail; there are reports that Indians are concentrating Southeast [near] Whitlock Cienega. Trail I am on is three days old.

Lieutenant Geary and his men pressed hard in the chase after Dutchy's raiders, but in the end, the latter's inexhaustible supply of stolen remounts enabled them to reach the border first and cross into Mexico. There they were able to rejoin their people in the mountain strongholds of the Sierra Madre.

Dutchy, who had galloped away from the United States as an Apache raider in August 1882, returned from Mexico in the role of peacemaker in March 1883. On March 21, a Chiricahua Apache raiding party rode into Arizona. That evening, they killed four Americans and lost one of their own men in an attack on a charcoal camp southwest of Fort Huachuca. In six days they made a 400-mile destructive sweep through southern Arizona and New Mexico, killing eleven more civilians, including the parents of six-year-old Charley McComas, who was made captive. The main aim of the raid had been to obtain a re-supply of ammunition, but it had been only partially successful.

In their quest for bullets, the Chiricahuas had unwittingly provided Brigadier General George Crook with the opportunity for which he was waiting. The bearded, fifty-three-year-old general had been appointed to command of the Department of Arizona in September 1882, and had, through personal investigation and influence, managed to re-establish trust and good order among the Indians of the White Mountain Reservation. His attempts to make friendly contact with those in Mexico had come to nothing. Consequently, General Crook had instead obtained the informal agreement of the authorities in Sonora and Chihuahua for



Author's Map

Dutchy's Country.

an American expedition to confront the Apaches in the very heart of their Sierra Madre strongholds. All that had been wanting was an Indian raid to satisfy the official convention between the two countries for "hot pursuit" across each other's territorial boundaries.

At the new military camp, adjacent to the San Carlos Indian Agency, twenty-three-year-old Second Lieutenant Britton Davis, Third Cavalry, was in command while the general's most experienced officers were with him, preparing to cross into Mexico. The intelligent and enterprising young Davis, a Texan, had been instructed to be particularly vigilant for hostile incursions into the reservation. When the presence of Chiricahuas was reported to him in the early hours of April 1, he rushed a detachment to the site only to find them arrayed against just one man. This prisoner, who "seemed little disturbed by his capture and smiled faintly," was the Cibicue Apache Tzoe, known to the Americans as "Peaches." He had married two Chiricahua sisters and, so, had been caught up in the April 1882 exodus. Peaches told Lieutenant Davis that Chatto, the forty-year-old subchief, was leader of the raiding party, which included Bonito, a White Mountain Apache who had married into the Chiricahuas, and Cochise's surviving son, Naiche. Peaches, disillusioned, had left the raiders after the death of a particular friend among them. He told Davis that

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Courtesy National Archives

Chief Bonito and Dutchy, photographed near the San Carlos Indian Agency in 1884, by Frank Randall.

"The majority, nearly all of the Indians, are very anxious to return to the reservation." This claim was confirmed a month later, when Dutchy and another Chiricahua Apache, Kutli, appeared at the farm near Safford of a former captive of the Apaches, Merejildo Grijalva. He took them to Fort Thomas and, on May 1, Britton Davis reported:

> Two Chiricahuas surrendered at Safford to Marihilder [sic], sent here by C[ommnanding] O[fficer], [Fort] Thomas. They left band of fourteen ten days ago south of Apache Pass, were sent to offer a surrender of all the Chiricahuas. Thought [it] best to put them in irons till receipt of Comdg. General's orders regarding them.

From Dutchy, the lieutenant learned that the total number of fighting men, including large boys able to bear arms, had been 107. The former Scout also explained that the "Indians are commanded by Geronimo and will not fight if they can help it." In the meantime, Peaches had been sent down to the border to act as the principal guide for the general's expedition, which had marched into Mexico on the same day that Davis had reported the presence of Dutchy and Kutli. Upon his arrival at San Carlos, Dutchy had been interviewed by another official, thirty-two-year-old former cavalryman Milton Sage, recently appointed as chief of the Indian police force. He described the content of their conversation in a letter to a friend in Tucson:

> Two Chiricahuas direct from old Mexico arrived yesterday. I had a long talk with "Dutch," who is one of them, yesterday. He tells me that Charley McComas is alive and well, and is in care of Bonita, one of the chiefs. They saw the boy eleven days ago and say he is made a pet among all the Indians and goes by his right name amongst them—that is "Charley." I think that if the troops don't surprise the camp he will eventually be brought in. I also think that from what I can find out through them, they are going to try to make a peace and use Charley as a means to be allowed to come in.
>
> Loco's band has split up and cut loose from Juh's and they want to come in, but Juh says he will never surrender.

Seven weeks later, on June 23, Dutchy was almost certainly witness to the arrival at San Carlos of 325 of his people, escorted by six companies of Indian Scouts. Captain Emmet Crawford, Third Cavalry, had charge of this cavalcade and now resumed command of the military post. The Warm Springs Apache chiefs Loco, Naña, and Mangus, along with Bonito, were among the fifty-two men who had come in. The remaining warriors were still in Mexico but had promised General Crook that they would return once they had gathered together their scattered people. Dutchy's presence at the agency had become public knowledge and a threat to this process. On September 11, 1883, charges were filed against Dutchy before the United States commissioner in Tucson and a warrant for his arrest was issued to United States Marshal Zan L. Tidball. He telegraphed the military camp at San Carlos and, from there, Captain Crawford advised General Crook. "Comdg. Officer, San Carlos, refers your request for the arrest of the Indian 'Dutchy' to me," Crook wired Tidball. "His arrest at this time would be most unfortunate."

The general's next step was to refer the matter to higher authority, pointing out that the proposed arrest would create suspicion and uncertainty among the Apaches who had returned from Mexico. Worse still, if news of such a step reached those still to come in, it would be likely to frighten off the men who had played a part in the 1882 and 1883 raids into Arizona. With the federal authorities held temporarily at bay, it was next the turn of the county officials at Solomonville to issue an indictment against Dutchy. "I suppose they will be coming here someday with a warrant for his arrest," Emmet Craw-ford wrote, asking if the general wanted Dutchy turned over in case of such an event. General Crook did not, although not from any personal feeling for Dutchy. He was, instead, anxious to avoid the wider repercussions that he felt sure

would result.

While Crook's and Tidball's superiors in Washington debated Dutchy's case, parties of Chiricahua warriors began arriving from Mexico. Juh never returned, having been killed near Casas Grandes, Chihuahua, September 21, 1883, when thrown from his horse. Charley McComas had been lost when Crook's men attacked the Apache camp and was never found. Geronimo, characteristically, was the last to return, in March 1884. By that time the Chiricahua and Warm Springs bands had been registered and issued metal identity tags similarly to the rest of the reservation population. That registration listed Dutchy as a member of Chief Bonito's band and described him as twenty-five years old, five feet and four inches tall, and a single man. It was also noted that he had "brown hair, understands some English" and was, once again, enlisted as an Indian Scout. He had been signed up on March 18 by Captain Crawford, who had earlier enlisted forty-five-year-old Bonito. Following General Crook's usual policy, the captain also recruited several of the leading men, including Naiche, Chatto, and Chihuahua, to both secure their influence and to provide them with income and formal status. Other former comrades of Dutchy's from his days as a Scout at Fort Cummings were also enlisted, among them Charlie, Kuni, and Toklanni.

In May, Lieutenant Davis was assigned to move the Chiricahua and Warm Springs Apaches to their own farming lands, along Turkey Creek, fifteen miles south of Fort Apache. The following month he was placed in charge there and although two cavalry troops made summer camps in the area, Company B, Indian Scouts, was the only military unit that Davis had with him. Chatto had been appointed first sergeant and among the corporals was Dutchy. Serving as the lieutenant's principal assistants were the former chief of Scouts Sam Bowman, and interpreter Mickey Free. Britton Davis soon had need of his Apache Scouts, when calling the thirty-year-old Warm Springs leader Kahtennay to account for his breaking the prohibition against drinking parties. The former son-in-law of the late Victorio and leader of the remnant of his fighting men at first failed to appear at Davis' camp. When he did answer the summons, he was armed, defiant, and backed up by a line of warriors with rifles. Davis recalled:

> Benito's courage, loyalty and influence turned the scale and saved a massacre at the critical moment when I arrested Ka-e-ten-ae. Charlie and Dutchy...were at Ka-e-ten-ae's heels when he started for his warriors—we thought, to open the fight—and were ready to kill him if he made the break. They would have undoubtedly have died with him as some of his men had them covered with their rifles.

Kahtennay was arrested without bloodshed and sent to San Carlos, where, on June 27, 1884, the restless young war chief was found guilty by an Indian jury of fomenting an outbreak. He was sentenced, by Captain Crawford, to three years imprisonment at Alcatraz. Lieutenant Davis recognized how perilous the arrest had been and the debt that he owed to his scouts, Bonito, Charlie, and Dutchy. "Afterwards," he wrote, "I asked them what they proposed to do and they told me they had determined to get Ka-e-ten-ae at least, if he and his men started anything; then they were going to fight it out with the band." With his people now apparently settled as farmers on Turkey Creek, Dutchy married, but little information is known of his wife, except that she duly gave birth to a daughter.

Courtesy of the artist, Sergio Macedo

"Dutchy's Escape from San Carlos, July 1882."

"Dutchy: Indian Scout and Apache Raider" will conclude in the December 1998 issue of *True West*.

The Pursuit of Gregorio Cortez

By Al Ritter

Texas State Archives

A cabinet card photo of Gregorio Cortez taken prior to his term in Huntsville prison.

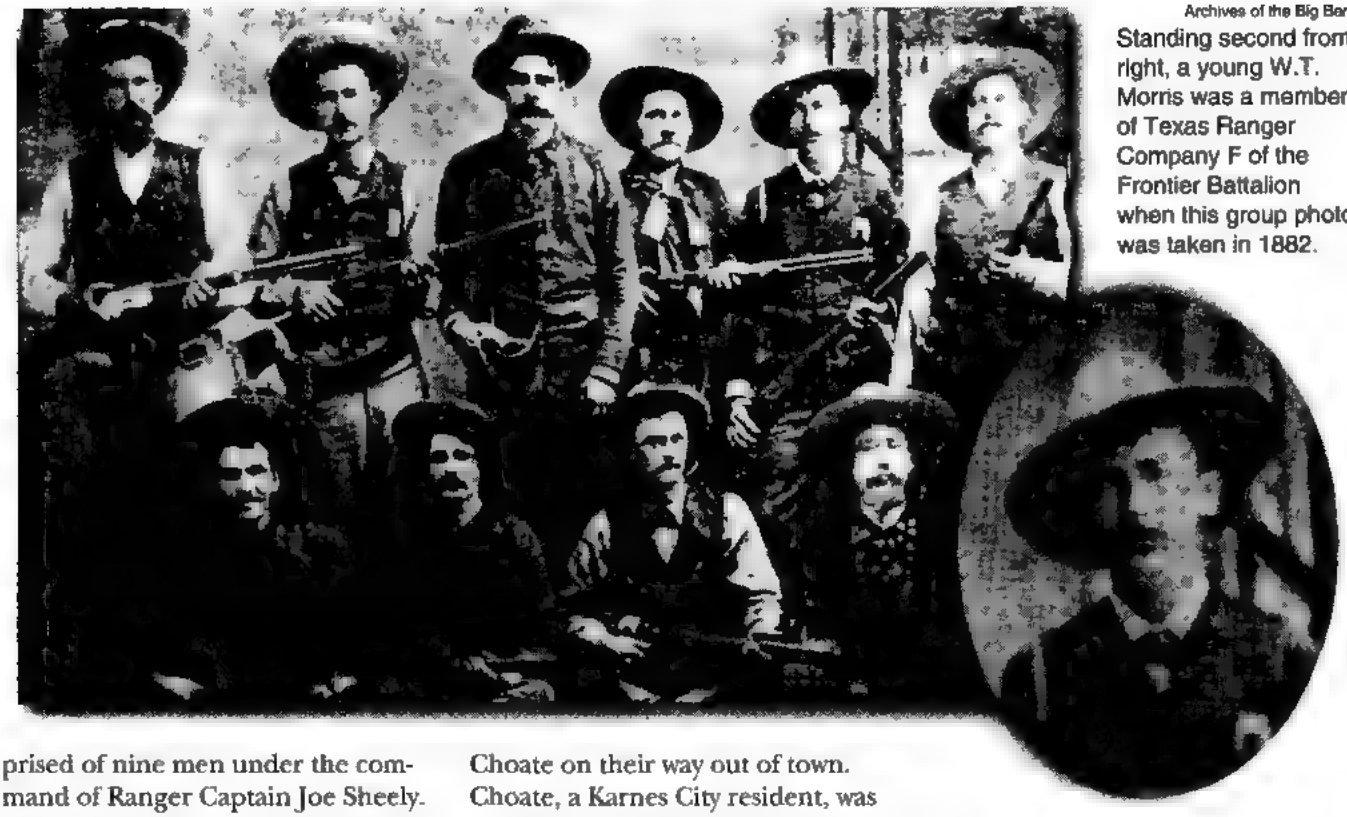
On the morning of June 12, 1901, the sheriff of Karnes County Texas, forty-one-year-old W.T. "Brack" Morris, and his deputy, John Trimmel, may have reflected on how hot it would get as the day progressed in that portion of south Texas about midway between San Antonio and Corpus Christi. They readied a two-seat, hack-style wagon in preparation for a trip that would take them to the modest rented acreage of Gregorio Cortez. The Cortez place was located on the Thulemeyer Ranch about ten miles south of nearby Kenedy, Texas.

The purpose in making the trip was to investigate a matter of horse theft which had occurred in adjoining Atascosa County located to the north of Karnes County. The Atascosa County sheriff had contacted Sheriff Morris by telephone and related that he had information the stolen horse in question may have been taken by the Cortez brothers, Gregorio and Romaldo. Both men had been suspected of horse theft on earlier occasions and their brother Tomas had been convicted of a similar offense. He had been sentenced to five years in prison.

If Sheriff Morris and Deputy Trimmel's thoughts that morning lingered much beyond information that Gregorio Cortez had recently traded away a mare in nearby Kenedy and their trip to his rented tenant farm, neither man could have envisioned how the day would end. As they prepared the team and the hack, there was no way for them to know that Sheriff Brack Morris' life would end that day, and one of the longest manhunts in southwestern law enforcement would soon begin. Nor could they have envisioned that the suspect they sought would be elevated to the status of a legendary folk hero among Mexican-Americans.

At the time of his death, Sheriff Brack Morris was an accomplished frontier lawman. Prior to being elected to his first term as Karnes County sheriff in 1896, he had served with the Frontier Battalion of the Texas Rangers. The Frontier Battalion was first formed in 1874 with an authorized strength of six companies of seventy-five men each. Under the strict command of Major John B. Jones, the unit functioned as the equivalent of a civil guard to defend and protect settlements in western and northern portions of Texas against marauding Indians.

As times changed and the warring Plains Indians were conquered, the Frontier Battalion took on the role of state officers, comprising what in essence was a state police unit by the early 1880s. In 1882 a youthful appearing Brack Morris was photographed with his unit, Ranger Company F of the Frontier Battalion. Unlike the original 1874 structure of seventy five men to a company, Company F was com-



Archives of the Big Bend

Standing second from right, a young W.T. Morris was a member of Texas Ranger Company F of the Frontier Battalion when this group photo was taken in 1882.

prised of nine men under the command of Ranger Captain Joe Sheely. During his service, Morris attained the rank of sergeant before leaving the Texas Rangers.

A native of Runge, Texas, he returned to that area with his wife and four young children. Combining his background in law enforcement with politics, the popular Brack Morris must have been attracted to the stability afforded by becoming the Karnes County sheriff when compared to the roving duties of a Ranger. He won the position for the first time in 1896 and building on his reputation as a fair but tough man with plenty of law enforcement experience, he handily won two additional terms.

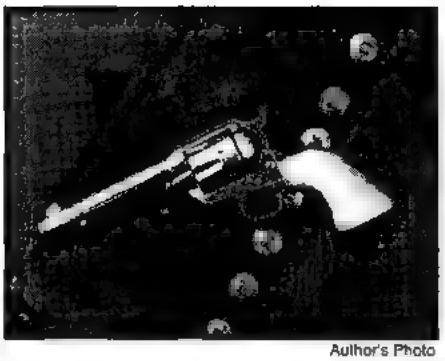
Midway through his third term, during the summer of 1901, Morris would have been no stranger to complaints of livestock thievery. Stealing cattle and horses from the isolated range country of south Texas had been going on for years. The telephone call from the Atascosa County sheriff implicating two Mexican-American brothers in the theft of a horse would not have come as a surprise to the veteran officer.

Aware of their limited conversational use of Spanish, Sheriff Morris and John Trimmel picked up Boone Choate on their way out of town. Choate, a Karnes City resident, was thought to be more proficient in the Spanish language than the two officers were. The three men headed out of town. Sheriff Morris carried his Colt Single Action .45 revolver with a five and one-half-inch barrel. Made by Colt in 1884, the sheriff's pistol had become a recognized feature to the citizens of Karnes County, particularly in view of Brack's rumored skill with the gun and its eyecatching nickel finish and ivory grips. Deputy Trimmel was also armed but Boone Choate was not.

Arriving before midday on the Thulemeyer Ranch the men first visited Romaldo Cortez's rented tenant farm. Finding no one there they continued the additional three miles to Gregorio Cortez's farm. Before making the final approach to Gregorio's home, Sheriff Morris dropped Deputy Trimmel some distance from the modest clapboard hovel to watch the road in and out of the area. Arriving at the second Cortez home, Sheriff Morris found both Gregorio and Romaldo there.

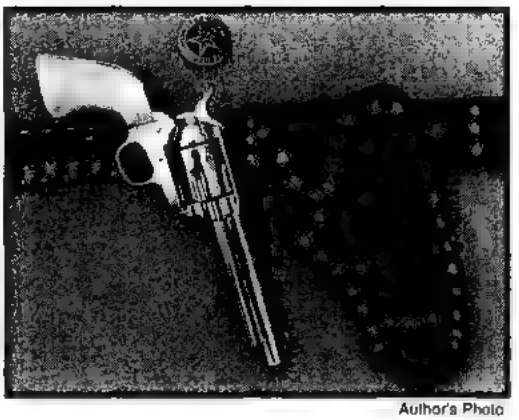
Brack Morris reined up in front of the Cortez place and exited the hack to approach the building. Boone Choate remained seated. Romaldo came out of the small building to converse with the sheriff but it is thought Gregorio stood farther away than his brother. Although both Cortez brothers had spent much of their life growing up in Texas, it appears both felt it would be to their advantage to ignore their grasp of English. With Choate handling the translation from his wagon seat, Sheriff Morris asked about Gregorio's recent horse trade in Kenedy. It appears when Choate asked if Cortez had indeed traded off a horse, Cortez replied he had not. Much later, evidence would be presented at the Cortez trial and in following appeals that the translation was badly done and that Cortez was asked if he had traded off a male horse when in reality, he had traded a female horse, a mare.

Whether the Cortez brothers understood more English that day than they let on or the translation from English to Spanish and back again was poorly done, certain facts of the case have remained quite clear despite the passage of time. Dissatisfied with Gregorio's answers, Sheriff Morris decided to arrest the brothers. Again it appears the translation problem may have con-



Author's Photo

W.T. Morris' son, Harper Morris, inherited his father's revolver and carried it during his own tenure as Karnes County sheriff, a position he held for twenty-six years.



Author's Photo

W.T. "Brack" Morris' Colt .45 revolver, serial #106605. The weapon was manufactured in 1884.

situation. Cortez later alleged he responded to the sheriff's announcement that he and his brother were to be taken in by saying in Spanish, "You can not arrest me for nothing." This statement when translated to the sheriff may have been, "No one can arrest me."

Assuming Gregorio Cortez would resist arrest based on what he been told by the interpreter, Sheriff Morris drew his six-gun. With the introduction of the revolver, Romaldo Cortez lunged at the sheriff. At close range, Morris shot his would be attacker in the face. The big 265-grain lead slug struck Romaldo in the mouth and exited, taking a portion of his jaw bone with it. After the bullet tore its destructive path through the man's lower face it lodged in his shoulder. On seeing his brother shot, Gregorio pulled a concealed pistol from his waistband and shot Sheriff Morris. Brack stumbled backwards from the impact of the slug but managed to thumb back the hammer of his Colt again, getting off one or two more shots, which missed his assailant. The sheriff fell, joining the badly bleeding Romaldo on the ground. Gregory Gregorio approached the fallen officer and fired an additional shot into him. He then reached down and took the sheriff's pistol.

During the confusion, Boone Choate had bailed off his wagon seat and ran from the Cortez household toward the scrub brush. He eventually arrived at John Trimmel's location. Perhaps his excited rendition of what had happened unduly influenced Trimmel because both men left the area on foot for Kenedy and reinforcements.

On their arrival in town, the news quickly spread; a posse was formed and raced to the scene of the shooting. On its arrival, both Cortez brothers, along with their wives and children, were gone, as was Brack Morris's hack and team. Several hours elapsed before Sheriff Morris's body was found. Fatally wounded, the sheriff had crawled several hundred yards from the house and bled to death from a severed artery.

Despite the delay on taking up the Cortez brothers' trail, Gregorio's wife and sister-in-law were located, arrested, and jailed in Kenedy. Gonzales County Sheriff Robert Glover arrived in Kenedy and questioned Mrs. Cortez about where her husband and wounded brother-in-law would have gone. Against popular opinion, which assumed the two wanted men would head for the Mexican border, it was revealed that it was more likely that they would have come north toward Kenedy. The information proved correct when the wounded Romaldo was found hiding with relatives. In custody and suffering from his wound for ten additional days, Romaldo died from Sheriff Morris' gunshot. Gregorio had fled the Kenedy area on foot and headed north for the ranch of a friend in Gonzales County.

Discovered at the farm of Martin Robeldo near Ottine, Texas, by Sheriff Dick Glover and a fifty-man posse, Cortez again resorted to an exchange of gunfire. Just as Sheriff Morris had died from Cortez's quick work with a pistol, Sheriff Glover was also fatally shot during the gunfight at the Robeldo farm house. Henry Schnabel, who had accompanied the posse and owned the property share cropped by the Robeldo family, also lay dead following the gunfight. Later evidence indicated that Schnabel may have been caught in a cross fire from posse members as they fired into the darkened Robeldo house.

A number of years later the noted Texas Ranger and adjacent general of the Rangers, W.W. "Bill" Sterling examined the case and remarked on his suspicions that alcohol played a deciding factor in the posse's judgment: "John Barleycorn was a prominent member of the posse." Sterling added, "You always dreaded guns in the hands of untrained, wrought up volunteers more than I did the fire of the outlaws. This is true even when all hands are perfectly sober."

With Sheriff Glover and Henry Schnabel dead, the posse finally overcame the return fire from the Robeldo house and gained entrance. Mrs. Robeldo was shot in the leg while shielding one of her children and another member of the family had also been wounded during the exchange of gunfire. But Gregorio Cortez was gone. In a futile effort to gain information on where Cortez had gone, posse members stretched the neck of Martin Robeldo's thirteen-year-old son by hanging him until cooler heads prevailed and the gasping boy was let down.

With sunup the next day, the posse picked up Cortez's tracks as he headed toward the Ceferiao Flores farm located between Belmont and Gonzales. There he acquired a horse and fled before the lawmen arrived. Once more the posse members resorted to heavy-handed tactics, hanging another young man in an effort to gain

young man in an effort to gain information on Cortez.

Mounted on a strong mare from the Flores ranch, Cortez rode the animal until it wore out in Wilson County where he stole a replacement. Eventually the pursuit would run for ten days and cover more than 300 miles. Cortez's path ranged from near Kenedy northward to near Gonzales, then back southward across the Atascosa River. Just past Cotulla, Texas, the little brown mare he had stolen gave out. Cortez continued on foot, headed for the Rio Grande.

In addition to the use of infrequently found telephones in rural Texas in 1901, telegraph keys were kept busy with real or imaged sightings of Cortez southward to the Mexican border country. As days passed, posses rode the roads, rushed to reported sightings of the wanted man by special trains, and searched the brush, but the elusive twenty-six-year-old suspect eluded them all. He finally met his match in the form of Ranger Captain John H. Rogers of Company C assigned to Laredo. Rangers Will L. Wright and an experienced man-tracker named Emanuel Tom sided Captain Rogers as they joined the search for Gregorio Cortez. Captain Rogers concentrated his search efforts within a strip of ranch country between the Nueces River and the Rio Grande. He correctly assumed Cortez might attempt to hold up and rest at one of the isolated goat or sheep camps in the area. Since the majority of the herders were Mexican, he reasoned the fugitive would try to find accommodations with one of them.

The captain's bet paid off. On June 22, Captain Rogers and Customs Inspector Bill Merriman were following tracks when they were contacted by Jesus Gonzales, a herder and employee of the Don Abran de la Garza ranch. He informed the two officers a suspicious and tired Mexican had eaten breakfast with him and was asleep at his goat camp. Gonzales' suspicions were correct and Cortez was arrested without incident after being prodded awake by the muzzle of Captain Rogers' Winchester. Along with a woven straw bag, Captain Rogers found Cortez's worn revolver and a nickel-plated Colt Single Action .45 with ivory grips. Dried blood was still on the barrel Of this second pistol, Captain Rogers was quoted as saying, "I supposed it to be the pistol of Sheriff Morris."

Gregorio Cortez was first tried and found innocent in the murder of Sheriff Brack Morris. His defense, which successfully impacted the jurors, was the alleged confusion of the translation, the fact Sheriff Morris had no warrant for the arrest of either Cortez brother, and that Gregorio had only fired in self defense after Morris had shot Romaldo Cortez. A similar self-defense contention failed when Cortez was tried for the death of rancher Henry Schnabel. He received a fifty-year sentence, but the verdict was later set aside by the Court of Criminal Appeals. After a long series of legal prosecutions, which resulted in Cortez spending time in eleven county jails in eleven Texas counties, he was found guilty in the death of Sheriff Dick Glover. For this crime, he received a ninety-nine-year sentence in the Texas state prison at Huntsville. Of this sentence, Cortez served twelve years before being pardoned by Texas Governor Oscar B. Colquitt in 1913.

One of the things which may have influenced Governor Colquitt's decision to pardon Cortez was that the young man had achieved the status of folk hero in Mexico and among Mexican-Americans of south Texas. A popular Mexican folk song, consisting of twenty verses about his pursuit, was written and sung on both sides of the border. A popular bar ballad, titled "Gregorio Cortez," was recorded and became a best seller during the early 1900s. Portrayed as a simple farmer unjustly pursued by the *Norteamericano* establishment, it was touted that Cortez was the seventh son of a seventh son and therefore had achieved something akin to mystical powers.

Texas State Archives

Gregorio Cortez (center) flanked by Texas Rangers not long after his capture and arrest by Ranger Captain John H. Rogers.

Reflecting on the three-hundred-mile pursuit by authorities during ten days, through eight counties and the size of the pursuing posse, one verse of the "Ballad of Gregorio Cortez" went:

> Then said Gregorio Cortez,
> With his pistol in his hand,
> "Ah, so many mounted Rangers
> just to take one Mexican."

Released from prison in 1913, Cortez traveled to Mexico and contrary to his newly acquired folk hero status, fought for the unpopular General Victoriano Huerta against the revolutionaries commanded by Pancho Villa and Emiliano Zapata. Wounded during the revolution, Cortez returned to Texas and died suddenly after celebrating his fourth marriage. He was forty-one years old.

Along the border country, Gregorio Cortez's folk hero status outlived the mortal man. As late as 1982 he was the subject of *The Ballad of Gregorio Cortez*, a made-for-television movie for the Public Broadcasting System. Today, ninety-seven years after the death of two Texas lawmen, the legend of Gregorio Cortez still lives. Meanwhile, Sheriffs W.T. "Brack" Morris and Dick Glover have become mere footnotes in Southwest law enforcement history.

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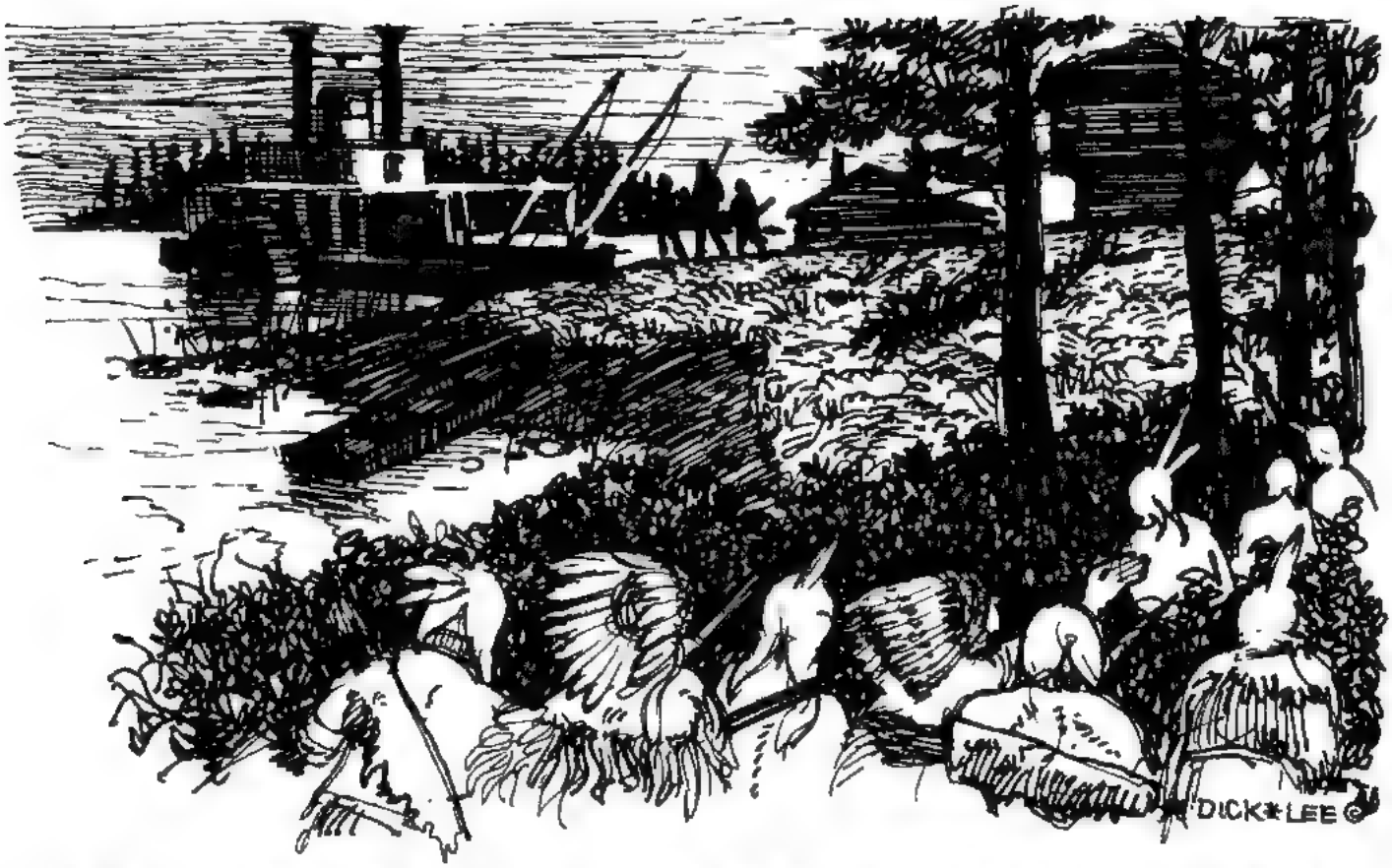

YAKIMA UPRISING

By Richard E. Kilblane ❦ Illustrated by Dick Lee

Early morning light pushed back the night sky heralding the beginning of a new day. A cold winter breeze swept down the Cascades from the east. A cluster of log cabins, a mill, and the Bradford Store rested against the backdrop of the rising Cascade Mountains. The sound of nearby Columbia River rushing over the falls presented the only sound on the otherwise quiet morning. The little settlement began to stir in the early hues of dawn on March 26, 1856.

White columns of smoke drifted up from the chimneys while the residents prepared their breakfasts. As the community awoke, new sounds broke up the tranquility of the morning. Laborers made their way to the wooden bridge they were constructing to connect the Bradford Store with the island directly to its front. Three crew members walked leisurely to the steamer *Mary*, docked on the upper landing awaiting the loading of government supplies for travel up the Columbia. The rest of the crew had already boarded. Her escort, the *Wasco*, sat moored on the opposite bank. While this serene setting slowly came to life, Yakima warriors cautiously crept along through the brush down the eastern end of a narrow gorge.

Recent gold discoveries had advanced the frontier settlement process in the Pacific Northwest. Governor Isaac I. Stevens of Washington Territory, at the urging of his constituents, had unfairly signed into treaty in 1855 the cessation of lands belonging to the Indians. The Yakimas sought to exact vengeance for the loss of native lands to white invaders. To the Indians, the residents of the Cascades had lost their innocence by their mere presence. As a part of the frontier process those who followed in the wake would suffer along with those who pushed the Indians from their rightful lands. Unfortunately in war, the innocent suffer more.

The three crew members neared their steamer when puffs of white smoke followed by the cracks of musket fire and the chilling sound of the Indian war whoop greeted them. They ran for their boat. One asked if any firearms were aboard. "No." He turned and ran to the Inman cabin. The other two continued for their boat, but Indian musket fire forced them instead to seek cover in the woods. Warriors swept down on the settlement. From the

cover of brush and cabins on the bank they fired on the *Mary*.

Fireman James Lindsey fired up the furnace to move the boat from harms' way but caught a musket ball in the shoulder. The cook also took a round and fell in the river where he drowned. Buckminster, the engineer, drew his revolver and fired in defiance at the Indians who approached his boat. Steward John Chance climbed on the cabin roof to fire his dragoon pistol and was wounded in the leg. The crew dragged two wounded men onto the deck. The struggle raged on as steam built up in the boiler.

The warriors fought hard for their prize. Hardin Chenoweth ran up to the pilot house and, while laying flat on the floor, backed the steamer away from the shore. Once safe in the middle of the river, he blew the boat's whistle loudly in defiance of the Indians, sounding a victory call for all to hear. The *Wasco* on the other side of the river had also started up river. As the *Mary* pulled safely away from shore the crew could witness the panoramic scene of horror. Painted warriors swept across the settlement burning and killing everything that fell in their way. The crew of the *Mary* had won their fight and would steam up river to find help.

The sounds of gunfire grew louder as the fight progressed down the river bank. Workers on the bridge immediately ran for the shelter of the nearby Bradford Store. Settlers and their families that could escape the encroaching swarm of death and destruction also sought refuge in the storehouse, a two-story log structure. Others, with their line of retreat cut off, hid in the surrounding brush on the slope of the mountain.

Men, women, and children gathered inside the wooden fortress with an air of great confusion. Cries of horror and pain filled the interior. Calls for friends and loved ones rang out as the survivors inquired who else had been as lucky. James Sinclair opened the door of the store to check on the three workers he knew were building a warehouse on the small island A bullet ended his life. Friends retrieved his body and closed the door. This discouraged others from doing the same. Two of the three on the island were shot but all successfully hid under a rocky ledge. The inhabitants of the store anxiously

A young Spokane Indian boy raised by Sinclair offered to slip out to the river and retrieve a pail of water.

pondered their own fate.

Eighteen men armed with the nine government rifles left by the Ninth Infantry Regiment had to defend twenty-two women and children. The settlers hoped to hold out long enough for word to reach the military, which could field a relief column for their rescue. From inside the first floor the settlers could only see out the front windows. They unfortunately could not observe the activities of the Indians behind them. One man decided to enlarge a stove pipe opening in the roof of the lower room to peer out. He saw the mill, the lumberyard, and the Watkins and Inman's houses consumed in fiery blazes. In their effort to reverse the frontier settlement process, the warriors purposely left several cabins standing.

The attack quickly went their way. It again exemplified how they could attack freely without warning and defeat isolated settlements. Up to that point they had easily evaded and defeated both the volunteer and regular army. Settlers posed no great challenge.

The armed men in the Bradford Store cut port holes in the walls. With rifle fire they could hold the Indians off at a distance while a few more of their white neighbors might seek the shelter of the wooden fortress. Undaunted by this defense, the warriors decided instead to burn the beleaguered settlers out of the store. Warriors braved forward under fire and threw burning missiles onto the wooden shingle roof. While many of the hot irons and burning pitchwood fell short, a few landed on the roof, which caught fire. Men scrambled to the attic. Fire guards chopped away at a fiery patch with axes and cut away the embers with saws. They broke away burning shingles and threw cups of brine from a pork barrel to extinguish any remaining blaze. In this manner the battle waged throughout the day. For a time the settlers held on. They agreed that if the building did catch fire, the inhabitants would flee to the river chancing their luck with the falls.

At the first sound of gunfire, men came running, shouting warnings to the inhabitants of the lower Cascades. Warriors soon followed. The lower landing resounded with gunfire. Five of the eight soldiers were already in the newly constructed blockhouse. When the shooting began another stumbled through the door, shot through the hip. Sergeant Kelly organized the defense. The soldiers wheeled their little pack howitzer into action, firing solid shot into the hills wherever they saw Indians. Under this cover of fire, local citizens ran for the protection of the small fort. Smoke accompanied by the sound of gunfire quickly filled the valley as soldiers and warriors battled. The disciplined fire of the soldiers and their howitzer kept the warriors at a distance. After four hours of skirmishing, the Indians attempted to set fire to a nearby building. With a mighty roar, the burst of pellet from the howitzer dispersed the warriors and discouraged any further attempts to set fire to the buildings of the lower landing, at least during the day.

THAT SAME MORNING farther from the blockhouse, George Griswold visited the local village of Cascade Indians to hire a crew to work one of his boats. A friendly Indian arrived to warn of the attack by the Yakimas. The sound of distant gunfire verified the report. Griswold quickly returned to meet a carpenter hastening atop his mule in the other direction yelling, "Run for your lives! They're fighting at the blockhouse!" Griswold reached the landing where his employees stood guard over the wharf boat loaded with government freight bound for Vancouver. A bateaux and a schooner were also at rest alongside his boat. Griswold set his boat free and drifted downstream to safety. The remaining men guarded the two other boats until nightfall. They loaded what women and children had reached the landing then pushed the boats into the river. They watched as the Indians set fire to all the property they could not carry off. The battle raged on independently both at the store and blockhouse with only the hope of rescue by the military from either Vancouver or The Dalles.

General John E. Wool, the department commander, had earlier directed Colonel George Wright to sail up the Columbia to The Dalles with eight companies of his newly-formed Ninth Infantry Regiment to assume command of the District of Oregon and resolve the Indian affair. There Wright would divide his force into two subordinate commands to establish a post at the old Hudson's Bay trading post, Walla Walla, and another at Nachess Pass on the Yakima River. Two such military garrisons in the vicinity of the popular Indian fishing sites would place the regiment in an advantageous position to subjugate the hostile tribes. The settlers hoped Wright had not yet left The Dalles.

The Cascade Indians surveyed the scene around them. What whites could escape had and the hostile Yakimas controlled the white man's settlement with the exception of the store and the blockhouse. The Yakimas had not yet been defeated nor was there any indication that they would. With events running in favor of the Indians the Cascades decided to throw in with the Yakimas. They overlooked the fact that while the Yakimas had raided from another territory and would return to their homes when the military finally arrived, the Cascades were fighting in their own home.

By nightfall Griswold's boat completed the thirty-six-mile journey to Vancouver. He reported the disaster of the Cascades to the military authorities. Colonel Morris, commanding the fort, assumed that Vancouver might become the next target for Indian retribution. He then collected the garrison's women and children to the protection of the walls of the Hudson's Bay trading fort. Before leaving he ordered Lieutenant Philip Sheridan with his detachment of the Second Dragoons to the relief of the Cascades.

Young Sheridan thought he

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might offset the disadvantage of his small force of forty dragoons with a cannon. Unfortunately, the fort did not have one. To his luck, a steamer from San Francisco was docked nearby, unloading military supplies. Captain Dall offered the lieutenant the use of his small cannon which he used to fire salutes and to announce his arrival in port. Sheridan then located sufficient powder and solid shot for the gun with its wooden platform. He loaded his command of dismounted troopers onto the steamer *Belle* and started up river. He glanced at his pocket watch. It was 2:00 AM of the twenty-seventh.

Residents oif the besieged settlement had never anticipated an attack on the Cascades. Consequently, a few bottles of whiskey and a dozen of ale were the only drinks in the store. Alcohol, which may have a relaxing effect, does little to quench the tremendous thirst caused by fear and, furthermore, increases dehydration. The inhabitants nonetheless consumed all the beverages that day.

With the coming of night, the besieged thought that darkness might offer a chance to escape. To their disappointment, the warriors had reserved the burning of the largest buildings for night. The illumination crushed any thoughts the besieged might hold about slipping out of the store. A young Spokane Indian boy raised by Sinclair offered to slip out to the river and retrieve a pail of water. Although successful, he did not push his luck a second time. When daylight appeared, the prisoners in the Bradford Store peered hopefully upriver for the return of the *Mary* and *Wasco.* Unknown to them, Wright had departed The Dalles the day before. The siege continued throughout the day.

That same night, the soldiers at the blockhouse fared much better. Their little howitzer gave them a slight advantage over the warriors. Indians generally had a great respect for "thunder guns." The soldiers were even able to search the surrounding cabins for survivors and provisions. By nightfall another wounded soldier found his way to the blockhouse. The next day they resumed their search for muskets, ammunition, and wounded. They also peered down the river for help.

On his approach upriver, Sheridan passed the schooner and bateaux laden with passengers bound for safety. At 10:00 AM he landed his men and howitzer on the north bank. The river was high so he backed into a low draw to his left. A narrow causeway led to the fighting ahead.

"Little Phil" could hear gunfire and shouts of warriors in the frenzy of their victory. He advanced with five men through the cover of the underbrush. The Indians opened fire. A round just grazed Phil's nose but killed a soldier by his side. The Indians made a rush for the dead body but fellow soldiers countercharged. Dragging the body of their comrade clear of the causeway they loosed their small cannon on the warriors. The Indians scampered for cover of the rocks and brush. A duel continued for hours over the narrow tract of land but neither the Indians gave ground nor could the soldiers advance. Sheridan sent word of his predicament back to Vancouver via the steamboat. As evening approached he held a council of war and contemplated his next move. Advance up the causeway was impractical. The second day ended in a stalemate.

For the besieged settlers March 27 held a repeat of the events the day before. While the soldiers of the blockhouse found the courage to search their surrounding area under the constant harassment of the Indians, the settlers in the store stayed hidden throughout the day. With little food and no water their situation became unbearable. The body of the dead Sinclair began to create a stench in the already crowded store. As night arose, the inhabitants, with their eyes cast up river, lost hope of relief by Wright. After the day had passed they realized that he had already departed The Dalles. The *Mary* and the *Wasco* had arrived too late.

That second night the Indians set fire to the remaining buildings. The illumination prevented any attempt to steal away. At 4:00 AM the little Spokane boy again volunteered to slip out to the river for a bucket of water. He also dragged out the body of his dead benefactor. The fires burned through the night and their glare did not fade until almost daylight. Two days of isolation and horror gave the settlers little hope of rescue.

BY MORNING, Sheridan had devised a bold plan downriver. He had retained a large Hudson's Bay bateaux which could transport twenty men. He determined to shuttle his men across the river to the Oregon side, traverse along the mountain to a point opposite the middle blockhouse, then re-cross to the rescue of the besieged. While the wooded island directly across from him would conceal his approach, storming the blockhouse with twenty men under fire by a numerically superior and determined enemy seemed almost suicidal. Two days had passed and the settlers could not hold out much longer. Under the circumstances he had little choice. They crossed the river.

By 9:00 AM, Sheridan's entire detachment stood on the south bank opposite the island. Then the young lieutenant observed the channel that squeezed between the island and the mountain. Success of Sheridan's original plan depended on transporting the boat along the south shore to a point where the troopers could re-cross. The sight of menacing rocks and rapids diminished the prospects of his plan. On further examination, however, he noticed that the swiftest water hugged the south bank. If he could get some men onto the island, they could possibly pull the boat through the gentler rapids on that side. The lieutenant explained that his original plan would not work. He then needed men to cross over to the island to try and pull the boat upriver through the rapids by rope. All volunteered, but Sheridan felt that

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ten would suffice. Before he embarked on the next leg of his operation, he climbed up the mountain to observe what transpired in the enemy camp.

With the settlers holed up in two little forts, the Indians felt relatively safe. The warriors dressed lavishly in their feathered war bonnets, painted in a spectacular array of colors and ceremoniously raced their equally decorated horses up and down the pass. Women similarly danced around in their own display of colors, exhibiting the booty acquired from this adventure. To Sheridan's relief, they had not suspected his maneuver.

He climbed down, loaded his ten volunteers in the boat, then crossed to the island. The men jumped out and splashed ashore. Sheridan threw a rope tied to the bow ashore for them to grab. Together they began the arduous task of pulling the boat against the force of the swift current. The other men advanced along the opposite bank, keeping their comrades in sight. As the men inched the boat forward with sweat and toil, they stumbled onto Cascade squaws who inhabited the island. Their men were noticeably absent. Normally friendly to whites, the Cascade warriors had joined their brother Yakimas. The lieutenant saw an opportunity. "With unmistakable threats and signs we made them not only keep quiet, but also give us much needed assistance in pulling vigorously on the tow rope of our boat."

Sheridan knew the precariousness of his situation. If the warriors discovered the presence of his little force on the island they had him trapped. The Indians, with more men and boats, could swiftly outnumber and easily defeat the tiny detachment of soldiers. After what seemed like hours, the white soldiers and red women reached the smooth water of the east end of the island. Greatly relieved, Sheridan discharged the squaws. "I felt very grateful to the old squaws for the assistance they rendered. They worked well under compulsion, and manifested no disposition to strike for higher wages." He thanked them mentally and hurried his detail to the far bank. He then turned his attention to the rescue of the blockhouse.

With all the men he could safely load into the bateaux, Sheridan crossed the river and successfully landed just below the blockhouse. He sent the boat back for the balance of his force, which arrived a few minutes later. Under fire they established contact with the blockhouse. Sheridan held the Indians' attention to the front. The soldiers secured the route to the west, leaving the only escape for the Indians to the east. At that same moment two steamers carrying Wright's column arrived.

Wright had camped six miles outside of The Dalles on his first day of march. At midnight the first night, a courier reached his tent with the news of the Indian attack. That morning the column of two hundred and fifty men marched back to the awaiting steamers *Mary* and *Wasco*. The march and loading consumed a better part of the day. By nightfall they were finally underway. However, through a mistake by the fireman the flues of the *Mary* developed difficulties which delayed the arrival until the light of next morning.

The two steamers pulled along the bank a safe distance up-river and the men rushed ashore. Wright quickly organized his command. Major Edward J. Steptoe commanded the advance element with Captain Charles S. Winders and James J. Archer's companies of the Ninth Infantry, a detachment of Second Dragoons under Lieutenant Tear, and a howitzer battery under Lieutenant Alexander Piper. They had no knowledge of what events transpired below. Their approach from the east by circumstance presented the possibility of bottling up the Indians in the narrow pass between the river and the mountain for a swift and total defeat.

The Ninth Infantry, unlike other infantry regiments, received bugles instead of drums for battlefield communication. As the lead column approached to close off the only

Sheridan, doubting their honesty, lined up the warriors then walked down the line and inserted his finger in the muzzle of each musket.

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Indian escape route, an overzealous bugler sounded his trumpet to alert the besieged settlers that rescue had arrived. As quickly as they had descended on the sleepy settlement, the Yakima Indians vanished.

Steptoe linked up with Sheridan. The dragoon officer briefed the major on the events that had transpired over the last thirty-six hours. Another trap still afforded itself. After the flight of the Yakimas, the bewildered Cascade Indians would try to innocently return to their own island. Sheridan could catch them. Steptoe concurred. He assigned Piper with the twelve-pound mountain howitzer to Sheridan's detachment to slip ahead to the island.

Sheridan shuttled his small force back across to the island with Piper in the first boat. They fired two or three shots from the gun to alert the Indians of the presence of artillery. With his entire detachment lined in skirmish formation the dragoons advanced across the island. As he anticipated, the Cascades huddled at the other end of the island. Their chief claimed that they had nothing to do with the hostilities. Sheridan, doubting their honesty, lined up the warriors then walked down the line and inserted his finger in the muzzle of each musket. In each case his forefinger brought out the telltale black mark of burnt powder of a recently-fired musket. With the evidence in hand, the soldiers disarmed the belligerents, placed the women, children, and old men under guard, then proceeded back across the river with thirteen of the principle culprits.

The steamer *Fashion* finally arrived with Lieutenant L.G. Powell and his thirty-man company of Portland volunteers and another company of volunteers from Vancouver. These men had organized together to rescue their fellow settlers. They arrived too late to participate in any action but still wanted to exact revenge for the attack. Captain Henry D. Wallen also landed with his company of the Fourth Infantry. The *Fashion* returned again with Colonel A.P. Dennison, aide to the governor, and another company of forty volunteers under the command of Captain Steffen Coffin. There was little for them to do so the volunteers returned to their homes the next day.

Sheridan turned his prisoners over to Wright, who in turn held a military trial for the Indians. As customary treatment for Indian attacks during the early period of the Indian Wars, nine perpetrators of violence were sentenced to death by hanging. Chenoweth, the chief, customarily offered to buy back his own life with horses, women, and property to each of the officers who sat on his court. The officers, answering to different legal customs, denied his appeal.

As no adequate facilities were available, the soldiers simply threw a rope over the limb of a tree, stood the Indians one at a time on a wooden barrel, then after the noose was adjusted, a soldier kicked the barrel out from under the Indian. When the rope tightened, it failed to snap Chenoweth's neck. The proud warrior hung for a moment then uttered, "I am not afraid of the dead." The soldiers shot him to end a slow strangulation. Each Indian faced death with indifference.

The remaining prisoners were sent to Vancouver. These Cascade Indians learned the lesson that regardless of the justification for an uprising, the United States government became vindictive of attacks against its voters. The other tribes failed to grasp this warning

Although this little escapade delayed Wright's spring campaign, he did not further fight the Yakimas but instead entreated with them. Wright knew from previous service in the area the causes of the conflict. He sympathized with the Indians and secured peace without a shot. The majority of the Yakimas settled down to a peaceful season of fishing, while the instigators of the uprising fled to the lands of their brethren in the eastern part of the territory. With this resolution, all returned to peaceful pursuits for the next two years. Peace lasted only until pride stepped in the way.

Unfortunately in 1858, the combined tribes of the Spokanes, Palouses, and Cour d'Alenes, swollen with confidence over their earlier victories, attacked a patrol led by Major Steptoe in Indian territory. While the earlier conflict had resulted from white greed for Indian lands, this latter encounter, seen by the military as unprovoked, required swift retaliation. The combined tribes, in their overconfidence, had invoked Wright's wrath and suffered two swift and decisive defeats at the Battles of Spokane Plains and Four Lakes.

The Yakima ringleaders were finally arrested, tried, and hanged. This ended any hostilities by those tribes.

While Sheridan had participated in earlier engagements with the Indians of the Pacific Northwest, in this episode he commanded the engagement. It provided a clear example of his audacity and presence of mind in combat. Thoroughly outnumbered, he rushed to the fray. This action provided an indication of his behavior in the Civil War, six years later. He would never again see action against hostile Indians until he assumed command of the Military Division of the West in 1868. With this experience in fighting Indians he instructed his columns to drive against villages and conduct winter campaigns with a bulldog tenacity that helped the U.S. Army defeat the Plains Indians.

The fight at the Cascades in 1856, although inconclusive in anything other than the rescue of the settlers, provided an example of riverine operations in Indian warfare. The boats provided the swiftest means of transporting men against a mounted enemy whose greatest asset was their own speed of maneuver. Both Sheridan and Wright landed a safe distance then marched to the fight. Steamers would later see similar use in Indian campaigns on the Great Plains throughout 1876 on the tributaries of the Missouri.

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Reviews

Wyoming's Sheriffs

Wyoming's Territorial Sheriffs, by Ann Gorzalka. (High Plains Press, 539 Cassa Road, Glendo, Wyoming 82213. 335 pages, maps, photos. $14.95 Paper.)

Quick—name an outlaw from Wyoming Territory. Butch Cassidy? The Sundance Kid? Okay. Now name a Wyoming territorial sheriff. Drawing a blank? Well, that's why Ann Gorzalka has compiled a history of the county lawmen who served Wyoming before it became a state.

"Outlaws' names are remembered and recorded in newspapers and court record books, but little is known or written of the men who were faced with upholding the law," Gorzalka writes in the introduction to *Wyoming's Territorial Sheriffs*.

Using government records, newspapers, histories, and other sources, Gorzalka has put together brief profiles of the more than fifty men who served Wyoming as county lawmen between 1867 and 1890.

Wyoming's Territorial Sheriffs is divided by counties, with the lawmen listed in chronological order. Most men get only four pages of type. Some are downright colorful, some are pretty dull, and some are shrouded in mystery that leaves their biographies incomplete. But that's to be expected in a work of this nature.

The sheriffs included men like Frank M. Canton, who was twice elected sheriff of Johnson County in 1882 and 1884 and rode on both sides of the law; Harvey Booth (Vinta County, 1871), who was murdered in 1895; T. Jeff Carr (Laramie County, 1870, 1872, and 1876), who "could hang a man or 'kick the living daylights' out of him with equal ease"; and Nathaniel Kimball Boswell (Albany County, 1869, 1870, 1878, and 1880).

There is also insight into Wyoming's violent history, such as the 1885 Chinese Massacre at Rock Springs, the famous Johnson County War, and the arrests of Jack McCall, Wild Bill Hickok's killer, and Alferd Packer, the cannibal from Colorado.

But for the most part, *Wyoming's Territorial Sheriffs* is a character study of men, some good, some bad, but most of them "average citizens with a job to do."—*Johnny D. Boggs, Dallas, Texas.*

Texas Indians

Life Among the Texas Indians. The WPA Narratives, by David La Vere. (Texas A&M University Press, Drawer C, College Station, Texas 77843-4354. 268 pages, notes, index, bibliography, 23 photographs, maps. $29.95 Cloth.)

David La Vere is a history professor at the University of North Carolina. He has done a creditable job in this detailed work depicting events in the lives of former Texas Indian tribes that settled in Indian Territory. The peoples specifically mentioned are Kiowas, Comanches, Caddos, Wichitas, Tonkawas, and Lipan Apaches.

Opening the book with a forty-eight-page introduction, La Vere gives a historical account of the lives of Indian people beginning with the Paleo-Indian era until present times. He explains how the various tribes migrated, fought, socialized, and claimed certain territories over the course of thousands of years. The late 1600s saw the first arrivals of French, Spanish, and other whites who brought with them horses, as well as manufactured goods such as tools, ammunition, and firearms the Indians soon learned to use. And with the whites came diseases, particularly smallpox, that forever changed life on the plains.

Following the introduction La Vere has divided the contents of the book into six chapters that include "Raids and Warfare," "Southern Plains Cultures," "A Spiritual Life," "Education and Health," "Life on the Reservation," and "Old Way, New Way." These chapters are comprised of stories gleaned from 112 volumes of notes taken during the Great Depression by historians employed by the Works Progress Administration. These volumes are today found at the Oklahoma Historical Society Indian Archives in Oklahoma City.

Here is where the history buff finds himself (or herself) turning pages far into the night. Some of these memoirs come directly from people who were members of the various Indian tribes, while other accounts are told by white missionaries, schoolteachers, ranchers, cowboys, black workers, and homesteaders. Some, as children, had been Indian captives. Some experiences were happy, and told of buffalo hunts, religious ceremonies, games, or food preparation.

Other stores are fearful, such as "on another raid the Comanches entered a home and were about to cut a woman's finger off to get her ring. She offered a jug of molasses if they would give her time to remove the ring herself. One of the Indians knocked her down with the jug, and took his hatchet and cut her finger off."

Another story tells, "in 1891, Mr. Wherritt, a teacher in the Kiowa School whipped a boy of about fourteen years old. This boy and two others determined to run away and go home down among the mountains, about thirty-five miles to the south. During the night a blizzard overtook them when they were almost home, and they froze to death. This almost caused an outbreak among the Indians.... Mr. Wherritt stayed hidden until he could get away, when he left the school, and further trouble was averted."

These fascinating accounts are highly readable, full of original detail, and a wonderful insight into the dramatic experiences of Texas Indian days.—*Phyllis de la Garza, Willcox, Arizona.*

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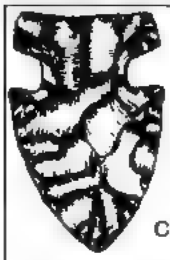

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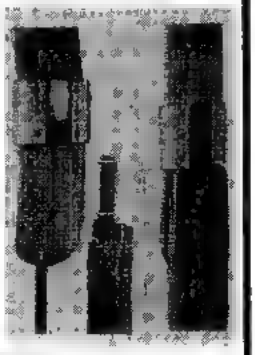

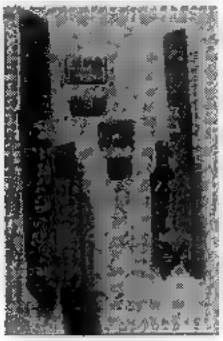

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ANSWER MAN
BY CHUCK PARSONS

BILLY STILES AT NORTHFIELD

Reader Patrick D. Cook, Graeagle, California, writes concerning a question in the March 1998 *True West* dealing with the outlaw Bill Chadwell/ Bill Stiles, who accompanied the James gang on itsSeptember 7, 1876, bank robbery at Northfield, Minnesota. I had included a photo of the two bandits killed in the streets identified as Clell Miller and Bill Stiles, alias Chadwell.

Mr. Cook points out that back in the January 1969 *Frontier Times* an article had appeared by Ed Earl Repp entitled "Bill Stiles' Story." This article deals with an old-timer claiming to have been an active member of the James gang, so notorious that the authorities were offering a $10,000 reward for him, and that he was the ninth man at Northfield and managed to get away!

"They killed Clell Miller, Bill Chadwell and almost got me," he said, "but I'm still kickin'! The body of Chadwell was mistaken for mine because he often posed around Northfield as Bill Stiles. . Chadwell's body ... was identified as Bill Stiles, while I, with a charge of buckshot in my back, guided the James and Younger men out of town...."

Well, perhaps the old man convinced Ed Earl Repp he was the ninth man at Northfield; there is considerable evidence that at least at some point there were nine men ready to attack Northfield, but I am very skeptical that this old man was the one. For the following reasons:

1. He claimed there was a $10,000 reward offered for him. This is preposterous; Jesse James himself, the most wanted man in America, or at least the Midwest, never had more than $10,000 posted for him. Bill Stiles was an unknown compared to Jesse. At most, the average outlaw of Bill Stiles' caliber would have a $1,000 reward offered. This was 1876. Twenty years later the Union Pacific Railroad offered only a mere $1,000 each for the four men who held up their train near Tipton, Wyoming. This after the robbers had caused thousands of dollars worth of damage to their cars and safe and freight—not to mention the actual cash taken.

2. Stiles claimed he had received a charge of buckshot in the back during the raid. How did the newspaper reporters all miss this? The Northfield as well as Minneapolis-St. Paul newspapers and virtually every other paper in the country reported every detail about the raid, even tracing back to interview a prostitute in St. Paul who received a visit from one of the gang! There was extensive coverage in the weeks following the raid in all the newspapers. Yet there is no mention of one of the robbers receiving a charge of buckshot in the back.

3. Stiles/Repp claims "three horsemen tore into town shooting at everything in sight." These three are identified as A.H. Wheeler, A.R. Manning, and J.B. Hyde. There were three men named Wheeler, Manning, and Hyde in Northfield, but they did not do any wild riding. Wheeler and Manning each grabbed a rifle when they realized the bank was being robbed. Wheeler was on the second floor of a local hotel which gave him an excellent view of the street, and Manning was in his hardware store many yards

The American Indian

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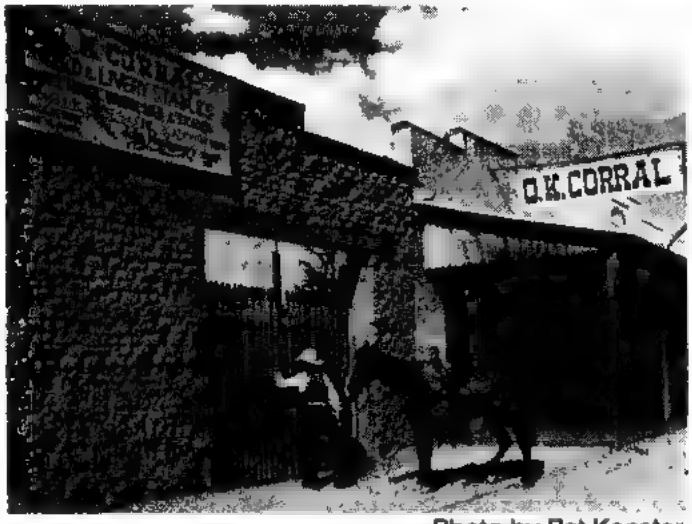

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away, but still capable of shooting at the robbers. Hyde also ran a hardware store and he handed out rifles to who ever wanted to take a shot at the robbers. But *none* "tore into town" because they were already in town.

There are other claims in the article which I disagree with but these few above should give a general idea as to my thoughts on the claims of "Bill Stiles."

But in spite of that there may indeed have been a ninth man in the gang who accompanied them at least part way. Author John Koblas has done extensive research on the Northfield raid and possibly by the time this column is in print his book will be available.

Arrow Wounds

Among the more unusual requests received lately is from listener Steve Frazier of Raleigh, North Carolina, who receives *True West* through the "Talking Books" program.

I had never given much thought to how arrows were removed from the wounded, or the problems of the arrow's wound itself. Mr. Frazier writes that he recently read that as a rule the arrow was withdrawn from the victim only if it did not penetrate deep. Just what was the practice in helping out the victims?

I found very little dealing with this subject. In some cases the arrow could be pushed on through the body with a rock, a hammer, the butt of a six-gun, whatever was convenient. This at least got the arrow and the arrowhead out of the victim. Pulling it out might be feasible but the arrowhead itself might get separated from the arrow and stay lodged in the wound, or "fish hook" on the way out, resulting in possible infection.

Dr. J.H. Bill, a United States Army surgeon, invented an instrument—much like a forceps—designed to extract arrows from the body. Dr. Bill advised that the device should be introduced closed into the wound, then pushed or "carried" alongside the surface of the arrowhead. Then the doctor, or

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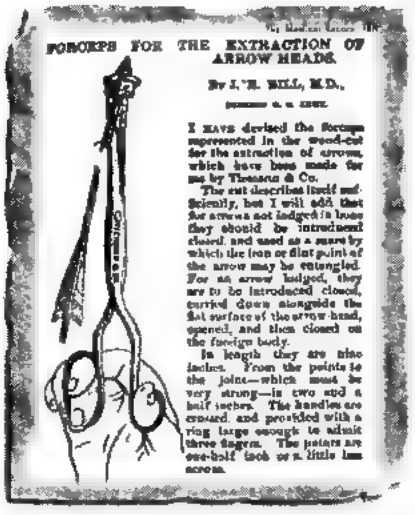

FORCEPS FOR THE EXTRACTION OF ARROW HEADS.

By J. H. BILL, M.D.,

I HAVE devised the forceps represented in the wood-cut for the extraction of arrows, which have been made for me by Tiemann & Co.

The cut describes itself sufficiently, but I will add that the arrow is not lodged in bone they should be introduced closed and used as a sound by which the iron or flint point of the arrow may be entangled. For an arrow lodged, they are to be introduced closed, carried down alongside the flat surface of the arrow-head, opened, and then closed on the foreign body.

In length they are nine inches. From the points to the joint—which must be very strong—is two and a half inches. The handles are crossed, and provided with a ring large enough to admit three fingers. The points are one-half inch or a little less across.

Author's Collection

Dr. J.H. Bill's forceps-like device for the extraction of arrowheads. Reproduced from an 1876 publication.

whoever was trying this method, had to open the forceps, close them on the arrowhead, and pull it out. Hopefully, for the sake of the wounded, this was done right the first time because it does sound painful!

The device was nine inches in length. The prime concern was to remove the arrow and arrowhead together, otherwise the wound would not heal properly.

Hopefully one of our readers—or another listener—can add to this question.

100 Years Ago Today

We frequently see this item in the newspapers of today, telling readers about some event of a century before. James A. Boulware, a reader from Salem, Missouri, sent me a yellowed clipping from an unidentified newspaper telling of a shooting in Dodge City, Kansas, July 10, 1883. The paragraph, entitled "100 Years Ago Today," read as follows:

> Dodge City, Kans., citizens were on the alert for trouble after the City Marshall [sic] shot dead a rowdy cowboy—one of a crew of men who had driven a herd from Texas into town that morning The cowboys, after celebrating the end of the long drive in a saloon, commenced to terrorize the townsfolk by shooting out windows, and the like. The marshal took on the cowboys, who fled when one of their number fell dead. They later sent the lawman a message saying the town would be burned down before dawn.

After obtaining copies of the newspaper articles published in Dodge City in the *Ford County Globe* and the *Dodge City Times*, at the time of the shooting, the actual facts were not quite as electrifying.

According to actual newspaper accounts, three cowboys, including one Johnny Ballard, celebrated at the end of the cattle drive. At 6:00 PM on July 9, 1883, a dozen shots were fired near Bond & Nixon's dance hall. The three cowboys were celebrating, two having gone into the dance hall, presumably for one last drink before leaving town. Coming out the trio all began galloping towards the Arkansas River bridge, shooting their pistols. By now several city officers and a deputy sheriff were on the scene, and they began firing at the three cowboys. Ballard was in the lead, and not far from the bridge when he fell from his horse, dead. His companions kept on going, crossed the bridge, and headed south at a gallop.

The *Ford County Globe*, in its report the day after the shooting, stated it was unknown who fired the fatal shot.

Within a few days a coroner's jury concluded that Ballard had came to his death from a pistol shot fired by one of his companions; this fact was reported in the *Dodge City Times*. The *Times* further reported that "the impression that the fatal shot was fired by city officers is incorrect...."

Not wanting to miss an opportunity to create controversy with a rival newspaper, the *Globe* pointed out that the two cowboys who had fled town had returned and were willing to testify that they did not kill their comrade. Furthermore, if the officers believed the cowboys had killed Ballard then why had they not pursued the two and arrested them? Apparently, controversy improved sales of newspapers.

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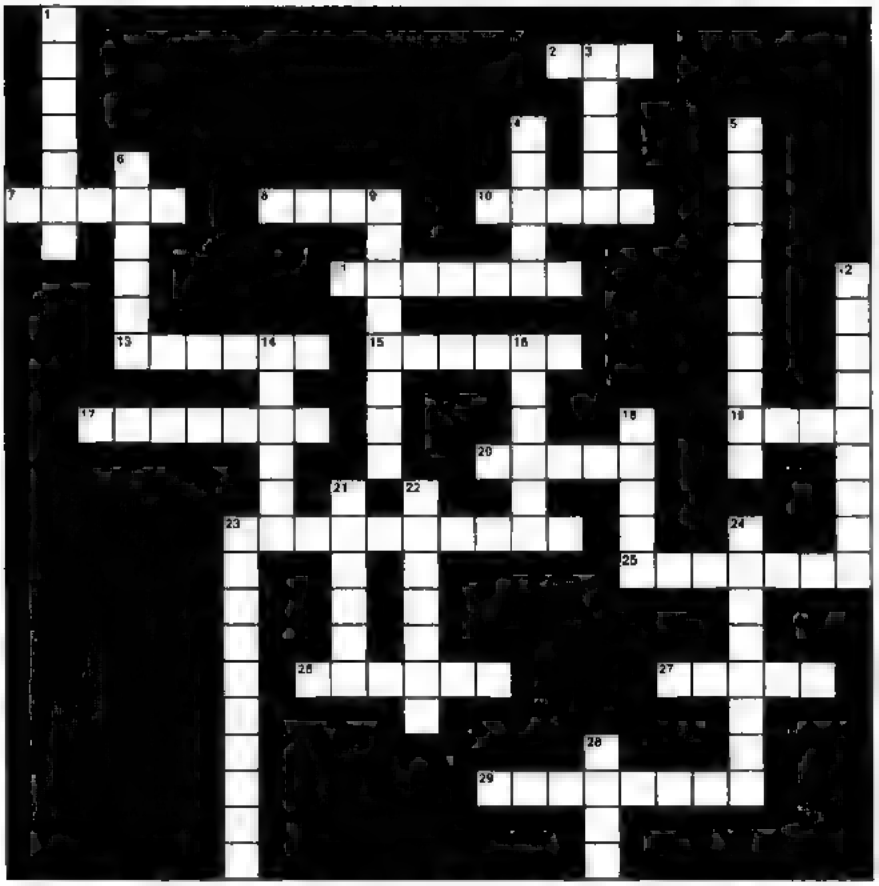
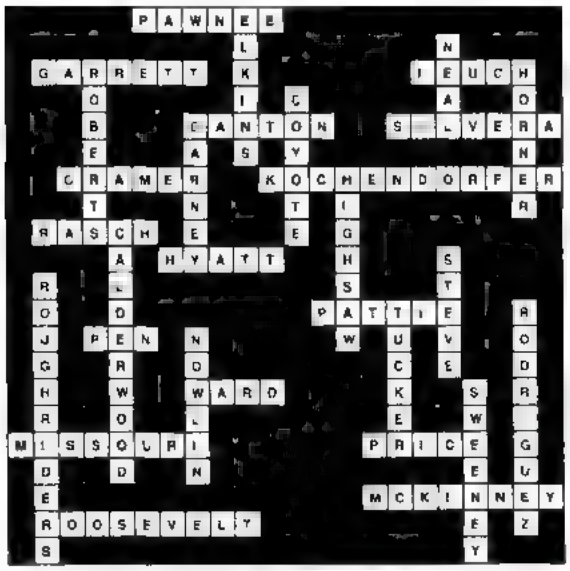


Across

2. Chiricahua chief
7. 15,000 caught
8. Metal found in the Black Hills
10. Peg-Leg's wife
11. Author of Grizzly Adams story
13. Indians who attacked the Cascades
15. Judge that sentenced Parrott to hang
17. Animal used for entertainment
19. Sheriff of Limestone County
20. Boy retrieved a pail of _____
23. Dr. Bill's forceps removed these
25. Doctor that used Parrott's hide
26. Gregorio's family jailed in this town
27. W.T. _____ Morris
29. Indian name for The Black Hills

Down

1. Cowboy killed after too much celebrating
3. _____ *Horribilus Californicus*
4. Author of *The Arizona Rangers*
5. Prison Gregorio Cortez was in
6. Apache scout
9. Deputy Sheriff Levi _____
12. Commanded New Mexico Military District
14. Author of *Bloody Bill Longley*
16. Author of *Sacajawea*
18. Author of *Outlaws on Horseback*
21. River that Bourke recorded fishing numbers out of
22. Liquid for a "one-gallon" trip
23. George Parrott's alleged real last name
24. Author of *Wyoming's Territorial Sheriffs*
28. Ship that went for help against Yakima uprising.



Solution to last month's puzzle.

For the record, in the summer of 1883 the Dodge City officers were Ford County Sheriff George T. Hinkle, Undersheriff Fred Singer, City Marshal Jack Bridges, Assistant Marshals Clark Chipman and "Mysterious Dave" Mather, and Policemen L.C. Hartman, B L. "Bob" Vandenburg, and Thomas Nixon.

Crazy Horse Progress

I had intended to keep our readers abreast of the progress on the Crazy Horse Memorial Statue, but I missed the June 3, 1998, unveiling and dedication of the monument's face. For more information, and to follow the progress for yourself, contact the Crazy Horse Memorial Foundation, Avenue of the Chiefs, Crazy Horse, South Dakota 57730-9506. Or, visit their website at www.crazyhorse.org.

Wild West Show Update

In the March issue I attempted to answer a question about a Wild West Show in Taylor, Texas, circa 1914. Reader Brian Thomas, 3708 E. State Rt. B, Garden City, Missouri 64747, sent this interesting comment:

"I did some quick research of my material and found that in fact the combined show of Buffalo Bill's Wild West and Pawnee Bill's Great Far East did show in Taylor on September 26, 1912. In 1912 the show continued the Farewell Tour to diminishing crowds....The show ended July 23 in Denver, Colorado, when sheriff's deputies seized the equipment in lieu of payment to [a] Mr. Tammen for the printing of posters."

Mr. Thomas would be very interested in hearing from anyone who may have seen any of these shows.

If you have a question, send it to Chuck Parsons, Western Publications, P O Box 2107 Stillwater, OK 74076. Please keep questions brief. Sign your full name and address, including zip code. Names will be published if question is used. Space limitations may not permit us to use all questions. Due to the volume of mail, we cannot forward correspondence to people whose questions appear in "Answer Man."

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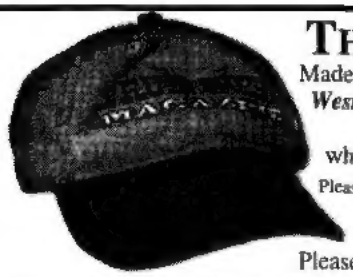

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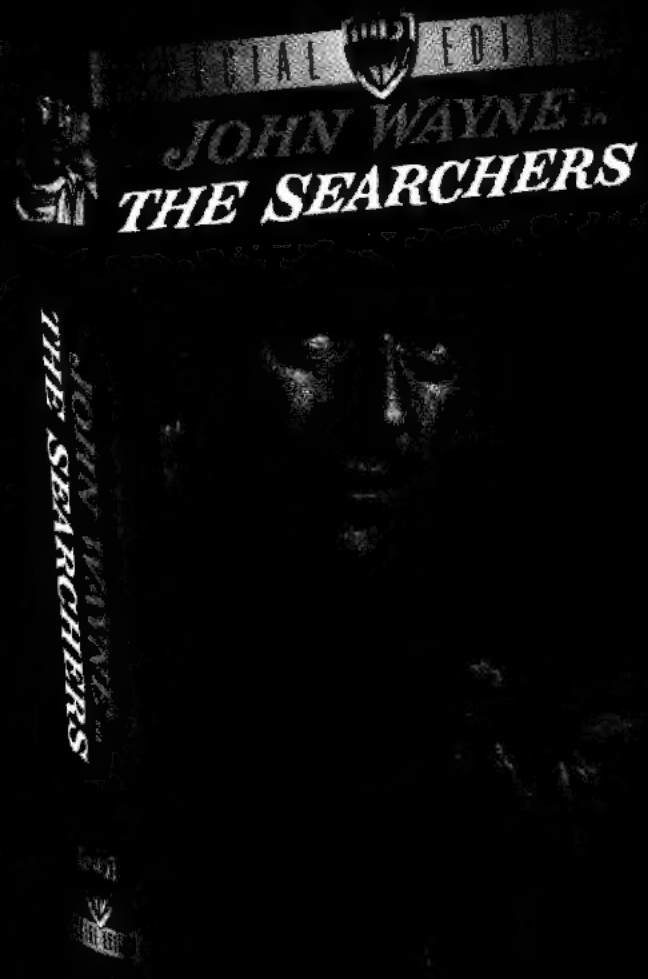

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